





The Tragedy of
Titus Andronicus.

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TITUS: "Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor"
TITUS ANDRONICUS *Act* I *Scene* 1

BOOKLOVERS EDITION

TITUS ANDRONICUS

PERICLES

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

By
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

With Introductions
Notes, Glossary
Critical Comments
and Method of Study

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
NEW YORK



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THE TRAGEDY OF
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Preface.

Early Editions. In 1600 a quarto edition of *Titus Andronicus* was published, bearing the following title-page:—

"The most lamenta- | ble Romaine Tragedie of *Titus* | *Andronicus*. | As it hath sundry times been playde by the | Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke, the | Earl of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the | Lorde Chamberlaine theyr | Seruants. | At London, | Printed by I. R. for Edward White | and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little | North doore of Paules, at the signe of | the Gun. 1600." This is the earliest known edition, and is referred to as Quarto 1.

Another quarto, printed from the former, was brought out in 1611:—

"The | most lamen- | table Tragedie | of *Titus Andronicus*. | *As it hath sundry* | *times beene plaide by the Kings* Maiesties Seruants. | London, | Printed for Edward White, and are to be solde | at his shoppe, nere the little North dore of | Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611."

In the 1st Folio *Titus Andronicus* comes between *Coriolanus* and *Romeo and Juliet*; the text was somewhat carelessly printed from a copy of the Second Quarto with MS. additions. The Second Scene of the Third Act, not found in the quartos, is peculiar to the Folio version.

Date of Composition. According to Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatic Poets,* a quarto edition of *Titus Andronicus* was printed in 1594; but no copy has been discovered. The earliest allusion to Shakespeare's connection with the subject is Meres' mention of the play, in 1598, as one of Shakespeare's well-known tragedies. There can be little doubt that Ravenscroft, who "about the time of the Popish Plot," revived and altered *Titus Andronicus,* preserved a trustworthy tradition with respect to its authorship. "I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally Shakespeare's, but brought by a private actor to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters." Internal evidence seems to corroborate the tradition, and Shakespeare's additions are now generally assigned to about 1589-90. The following passages suggest Shakespearian authorship;—I. i. 9; II. i. 82, 83; I. i. 70-76, 117-119, 141, 142; II. ii. 1-6; II. iii. 10-15; III. i. 82-86, 91-97; IV. iv. 81-86; V. ii. 21-27; V. iii. 160-168.*

The problem is complicated by the fact that there must have been at least three plays on the subject, according to the references in the Stationers' Registers, and Henslowe's *Diary.* Jonson probably referred to an older play when he wrote:—"He that will swear, Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years" (*Bartholomew Fair,* 1614). This would place the production in question between 1584 and 1589.

The German "tragedy of *Titus Andronicus,*" acted abroad about the year 1600 by the English players, may contain elements of the older original on which the pres-

*(*Cp.* H. B. Wheatley, *New Shakespeare Soc.,* 1874; a synopsis of critical opinion is to be found in Fleay's *Manual,* p. 44; Knight, in his Pictorial Shakespeare, defends Shakespeare's authorship.

The fullest recent study of the subject is that of Dr. M. M. Arnold Schröer, Marburg, 1891.)

ent play was founded: among its characters there is a "Vespasian," and it is noteworthy that there is a record in Henslowe's diary of a "*titus and Vespasia*" acted "by Lord Strange's men" on the 11th of April, 1591. The play is marked "*ne*" (*i.e.* "new"). Similarly, a "*Titus and Andronicus*" is described as a new play by Henslowe under the date of January 22nd, 1593-4.

Under any circumstances, *Titus Andronicus* stands outside the regular early Shakespearian dramas,—the gentle "love-plays" of his first period; its value, however, in literary history, is this:—crude as it is, it certainly belongs to the same type of play, as the greater tragedy of *Hamlet*; the *machinery* in both plays is much the same; both are Kydian dramas of Revenge; Nemesis triumphs in the end, entangling in her meshes the innocent as well as the guilty, the perpetrators of crime as well as the agents of vengeance.

Source of the Plot. It is remarkable that popular as was the story of *Titus Andronicus* in the sixteenth century, no direct source of the play has yet been discovered, and nothing can be added to Theobald's comment. "The story," he observes, "we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor anybody else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of; not till after the translation of the Empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol."

The ballad given in Percy's *Reliques* was evidently based on the present play, though formerly considered as its source.*

* *Cf. Roxburghe Ballads* (*Ballad* Society), Vol. I.; the version cannot, according to Chappell, be earlier than the reign of James I., and is more probably of that of Charles I. The title of the ballad is "*The lamentable and tragical history of Titus Andronicus.* With the fall of his Sons in the Wars with the Goths, with the manner of the Ravishment of his daughter Lavinia," *etc.*

The Time of the Play. The period covered by the play is four days represented on the stage; with, possibly, two intervals.

Day 1, Act I.; Act II. Sc. i. *Day* 2, Act II. Sc. ii.-iv.; Act III. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 3, Act III. Sc. ii. *Interval. Day* 4, Acts IV. and V. (*v.* P. A. Daniel's *Time-Analysis*, p. 190).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Titus Andronicus, a Roman general, returns home in triumph after a conquest of the Goths, and is hailed by a large part of the people as their next emperor. The inheritance of the crown is just then in controversy between the deceased ruler's two sons. Titus will not take advantage of the dispute and his own popularity, but magnanimously sides with the elder son, Saturninus, who is enabled by this influence to ascend the throne. The new emperor asks Titus's daughter Lavinia in marriage, which request is granted. But the project is thwarted by the emperor's younger brother, Bassianus, who carries off Lavinia—to whom he is betrothed—by force. Titus is so enraged at this and so earnest in his faith with Saturninus, that he kills one of his own sons who has aided Bassianus. Nevertheless, the emperor uses this as a pretext for slighting Titus, whose power he fears; and although he makes quick choice of another wife in the person of Tamora, queen of the Goths, brought captive by Titus, he seeks the downfall of the general. He finds a ready second in Tamora, who hates Titus because he has offered up her son as a sacrifice to the slain members of his family.

II. Though this deadly hatred exists on the part of the imperial couple, they yet veil it under a show of amity. The deluded Titus seeks to do them honour by giving a hunt, which ends as a chapter of horrors. The empress seizes the opportunity to meet her lover, a cruel and crafty Moor named Aaron. By a series of devilish plots he

incites the empress's two sons to ravish Lavinia, tear out her tongue, and cut off her hands, so that she cannot denounce them either in speech or writing. Bassianus is slain, and the Moor directs suspicion against two sons of Titus.

III. The two sons are sentenced and led to execution. Aaron gives Titus to understand that their lives will be spared if he will cut off his hand and send it to the emperor. Titus complies, but is mocked by the Moor, who returns the hand with the heads of the two sons. Henceforth Titus devotes his whole life to vengeance.

IV. Pretending madness he sends strange messages to the emperor, and also to Tamora's sons, whom he discovers to be the authors of Lavinia's shame.

Meantime another son of Titus, named Lucius, being banished from Rome, gathers together a powerful army of Goths, who menace the city. Tamora finds it necessary to hold a parley with him at his father's house.

V. To arrange the interview, she goes with her two sons, disguised, to Titus's house. He still feigns insanity and, after she departs, kills the sons and bakes their remains in a pie. The pie is shortly after offered to Tamora at a feast, when she and the emperor meet Lucius in parley. It is a fitting dish for a bloody banquet, since, at the general slaughter which ensues, Lavinia, Tamora, Titus, and Saturninus all are slain. Lucius tells the people the true story of the persecutions of his father's house, and is proclaimed emperor. The Moor is condemned to a lingering death, half-buried in the sand.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Tamora.

. . . She is the presiding genius of the piece: and in her we see, as we believe, the outbreak of that wonderful conception of the union of powerful intellect and moral

depravity which Shakspere was afterwards to make manifest with such consummate wisdom. Strong passions, ready wit, perfect self-possession, and a sort of oriental imagination, take Tamora out of the class of ordinary women. It is in her mouth that we find, for the most part, what readers of Malone's school would call the poetical language of the play. We will select specimens (II. iii.) :—

> "The birds chant melody on every bush;
> The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun:
> The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
> And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
> Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
> And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds
> Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
> As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
> Let us sit down."

Again, in the same scene :—

> "A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
> The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
> O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe.
> Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
> Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
> And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
> They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
> A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
> Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
> Would make such fearful and confused cries,
> As any mortal body, hearing it,
> Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly"

. . . The lines which we have quoted may not be amongst Shakspere's highest things; but they could not have been produced except under the excitement of the full swing of his dramatic power—bright touches dashed in at the very hour when the whole design was growing into shape upon the canvas, and the form of Tamora was becoming alive with colour and expression. To imagine

that the great passages of a drama are produced like "a copy of verses," under any other influence than the large and general inspiration which creates the whole drama, is, we believe, utterly to mistake the essential nature of dramatic poetry. It would be equally just to say that the nice but well-defined traits of character, which stand out from the physical horrors of this play, when it is carefully studied, were superadded by Shakspere to the coarser delineations of some other man.

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

III.

Aaron.

Aaron, the Moor, is a declared blackamoor, to whom a Hebrew name seems to have been given to facilitate the adhesion of hatefulness to his proceedings. I cannot consider his character in detached trait without an odd intermingling of reminiscences of Shylock and Othello. Aaron revels in cruelty and wickedness with a delight that reminds of Shylock gloating over his promised pound of flesh, but with more gratuitous viciousness, for he has not Shylock's provocation—unless, indeed, we detect such a feeling of general resentment against nature for his blackness, as Richard expresses for his deformity—akin both to Shylock's sense of being an object of antipathy to Venice at large, for no better reason than his Judaism. The avaricious Jew who could still think the best worth of a jewel lay in his having "had it of Leah when he was a bachelor," is the invention of a poet who may have owned to the idea of the cruel, coarse, reviling Aaron, still retaining affection for his base offspring. He not only protects his child by Tamora from her indignant sons, but, when he is the captive of Lucius, is prepared to undergo any sufferings rather than forego his chance of preserving his life, and that boon granted he gives loose to his tongue and, as if death under any tortures were indifferent to

him, declares and boasts of his atrocities in terms the most exciting and exasperating. Iago's dogged resolution "to speak no more" seems contrasted with this; but Iago, it will be recollected, made some avowals when he was first apprehended, that indicate pleasure in public scorn of his victims. Still there is a certain devilish glee in Aaron's crime that distinguishes it from that of all other villains of Shakespeare; he gloats over the enjoyment, and resorts to it with the propensity of an indulgence, not under the sting of fury or bitterness. "Inhuman dog" is a term assigned both to Iago and Aaron.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

IV.

The Element of Horror.

Shakspere is the tragedy of Terror; this is the tragedy of Horror. . . . It reeks blood, it smells of blood; we almost feel that we have handled blood—it is so gross. The mental stain is not whitened by Shakspere's sweet springs of pity; the horror is not hallowed by that appalling sublimity with which he invested his chosen ministers of death. It is tragedy only in the coarsest material relationships.

MASSEY: *Shakspere's Sonnets never before Interpreted.*

The play bears a close resemblance to the best specimens of dramatic production known on the English stage at the time we suppose it to have been written; and it resembles them in their best qualities. Marlowe, whose *Tamburlaine* was acted before 1587, had just unfettered the English drama from the shackles of rhyme, and touched its versification with the first beginnings of freedom and variety. As if to square the account for this advance upon the dramatic taste and culture of the time, he trained his verse to a stately and high-resounding

march, and often made it puff well-nigh to the cracking of its cheeks with rhetorical grandiloquence and smoke. The theatrical audiences then to be had would hardly bestow much applause on any tragedies but what gave them to "sup full of horrors"; and Marlowe was apt enough, without the stimulus of any such motives, to provide them banquets of that sort. To distinguish rightly between the broad and vulgar ways of the horrible, and the high and subtle courses of tragic terror, was a point of art which he did not live to reach, and probably could not have reached if he had lived. To discover these hidden courses required the far clearer and keener vision of Shakespeare; nor does it stand to reason that even he or any other man could have discovered them, without first practising in the ways already opened and approved. Of course, as experience gradually developed his native strengths, and at the same time taught him what they were sufficient for, he would naturally throw aside, one after another, the strengths of custom, of example, and public taste; since these would grow to be felt as incumbrances, as he grew able to do better without them.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

A good and noble character (like Titus) breaks through the most indispensable, the most sacred ties of nature, owing to a want of clearness of moral consciousness, of power, and self-control, and tramples upon all parental feelings. It is this deed, which is spun out into the fearful tissue of the following scenes of horror, that first awakens the fiend in Tamora's nature, and the brute in Aaron. When evil is challenged by the good itself, it not only annihilates itself, but the good as well, which, of course, is then no longer truly good. It is from this point of view that the whole drama is composed; it forms the organic centre in which all the separate rays converge. But the horrible, when so accumulated, and made such an ordinary, natural element of life, requires a deeper and

more accurate foundation. It is not sufficient simply to presuppose a general state of decay, because the horrible is not necessarily the *general* form of the tragic, even in such a state of things. However even this fault is one that could be tolerated, at least, it is not wholly wanting in motive. The principal and actual defect is, in reality, the total absence of the *conciliatory* element in the tragic pathos. Titus Andronicus dies without having even once come to the consciousness and conviction of his guilt, to the duty of submitting to the will of the gods, in short, without that which is good and beautiful in him having been purified and sublimated by the tragic pathos. It is the same with his younger sons: nay, even Lavinia, whose character is intended to be one of noble womanliness, can, with cold indifference, hold the basin which is to catch the blood of the two victims, and is herself killed by the dagger of her own father while assisting at the horrible repast. Aaron, Tamora, and Saturnine die as they have lived, and Lucius marks his elevation to the dignity of governor with the command for the inhuman and revolting execution of the Moor. Thus the drama ends in a shrill discord which is but little relieved by the abrupt and cold declaration of the new ruler:—

> "Then afterwards to order well the state
> That like events may ne'er it ruinate."

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

V.

Style and Authorship.

Precocity is the characteristic sign of genius, and, as is well known, almost every poet has made his first poetic flight while his physical nature was still in a state of development. This must have been the case with Shakespeare's contemporaries, Marlowe and Ben Jonson, for they both published works of importance before they came of age. Walter Scott at the age of between fourteen and

fifteen made his first venture in epic poems of considerable length, and Byron in his thirteenth year even attempted to write a drama. Chatterton, Keats, and Shelley are famous instances of early poetical precocity; and in the domain of painting and music are almost surpassed by Raphael, Handel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. Is Shakespeare alone to be made an exception to the rule? The fact of his early marriage is almost sufficient to convince us of the contrary. Besides, all his outward circumstances and the influence of his home, as well as the poetical, sensuously gay, popular life amidst which he was brought up, must have encouraged the early development of his mind. What an important influence theatrical representations must have exercised upon him we may see in the case of young persons in our own day. Even children who possess a mere minimum of poetical fancy take delight in a puppet show for which they have themselves arranged a play. Looked at from this point of view, it would be unreasonable forthwith to reject as absurd the supposition that *Titus Andronicus* was written before Shakespeare had left Stratford.

ELZE: *William Shakespeare.*

As I re-read this play after coming straight from the study of Marlowe, I find again and again passages that, as it seems to me, no hand but his could have written. It is not easy in a question of this kind to set down in detail reasons for our belief. Marlowe's influence permeated so thoroughly the dramatic literature of his day, that it is hard sometimes to distinguish between master and pupil. When the master is writing at his best there is no difficulty, but when his work is hasty and ill-digested, or has been left incomplete and has received additions from other hands, then our perplexity is great. In our disgust at the brutal horrors that crowd the pages of *Titus Andronicus*, we must beware of blinding ourselves to the imaginative power that marks much of the writing.

BULLEN: *Works of Christopher Marlowe.*

It was no invention of Shakespeare's; it is not reconstructed upon Shakespeare's lines; but, as we see, characters were renamed, some of the matter was recast, crudities were struck out, here and there the writing was touched over, and some fresh lines were inserted. We find lines in which we feel young Shakespeare's touch, and while the whole construction of the play that Shakespeare worked upon is thoroughly unlike the inventions of Shakespeare himself, its crude horrors are, no doubt, felt the more intensely for his removal of absurdities in the first way of telling them, and for touches of his that gave more pomp of words and more force to the style, with now and then some small hint of a grace beyond the reach of the inventor and first writer of the play.

MORLEY: *English Writers.*

The young poet, born in an age and country having a cultivated poetic literature, good or bad, must, until he has formed his own ear by practice, and thus too by practice made his language take the impress and colour of his own mind, echo and repeat the tune of his instructors. This may be observed in Shakespeare's earlier comedies: and to my ear many lines and passages of *Andronicus*—such as the speech of Tamora in Act II. Scene iii., "The birds chant melody on every bush," etc., etc., and in this same Scene the lines in the mouth of the same personage, "A barren detested vale, you see it is," recall the rhythm and taste of much of the poetry of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The matchless freedom of dramatic dialogue and emotion, and of lyrical movement—the grand organ swell of contemplative harmony, were all to be afterwards acquired by repeated trial and continued practice. The versification and melody of *Titus Andronicus* are nearer to those of Shakespeare's two or three earlier comedies than those are to the solemn harmony of Prospero's majestic morality. . . . Mr. Hallam has said of the undisputed Roman tragedies, that "it is manifest that in these

Roman character and still more Roman manners are not exhibited with the precision of the scholar"—a criticism from which few scholars will dissent as to the manners, though few will agree with it as to "Roman character." But if this be true in any extent of the historical dramas composed in the fulness of the poet's knowledge and talent we shall find the same sort of defects in *Titus Andronicus*, and carried to a greater excess. The story is put together without any historical basis, or any congruity with any period of Roman history. The Tribune of the people is represented as an efficient popular magistrate, while there is an elective yet despotic emperor. The personages are Pagans, appealing to "Apollo, Pallas, Juno, or Mercury," while at the beginning of the play we find a wedding according to the Catholic ritual, with "priest and holy water," and tapers "burning bright"; and at the end an allusion to a Christian funeral, with "burial and mournful weeds and mournful bell"; to say nothing of Aaron's sneer at "Popish ceremonies," or of the "ruined monastery" in the plain near Rome.

For all these reasons, I am so far from rejecting this play as spurious, that I regard it as a valuable and curious evidence of the history of its author's intellectual progress.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

To me, as to Hallam and many others, the play declares as plainly as play can speak, "I am not Shakspere's; my repulsive subject, my blood and horrors, are not and never were, his." I accept the tradition that Ravenscroft reports when he revived and altered the play in 1687, that it was brought to Shakspere to be touched up and prepared for the stage.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

This is the period of Shakspere's tentative dramatic efforts. Among these, notwithstanding strong external

evidence—the testimony of Meres, and the fact that Heminge and Condell included the play in the first folio—it is difficult to admit *Titus Andronicus*. That tragedy belongs to the pre-Shaksperian school of bloody dramas. If any portions of it be from Shakspere's hand, it has at least this interest—it shows that there was a period of Shakspere's authorship when the Poet had not yet discovered himself, a period when he yielded to the popular influences of the day and hour; this much interest, and no more. That Shakspere himself entered with passion or energy into the literary movement which the *Spanish Tragedy* of Kyd may be taken to represent, his other early writings forbid us to believe. The supposed *Sturm und Drang* period of Shakspere's artistic career exists only in the imagination of his German critics. The early years of Shakspere's authorship were years of bright and tender play of fancy and of feeling. If an epoch of storm and stress at any time arrived, it was when Shakspere's genius had reached its full maturity, and *Lear* was the product of that epoch. But *then*, if the storm and stress were prolonged and urgent, Shakspere possessed sufficient power of endurance, and had obtained sufficient grasp of the strong sure roots of life, to save him from being borne away into the chaos or in any direction across the borders of the ordered realm of art. Upon the whole, *Titus Andronicus* may be disregarded. Even if it were a work of Shakspere, we should still call it un-Shaksperian.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of Rome, afterwards emperor.*

BASSIANUS, *brother to Saturninus.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS,
} *sons to Titus Andronicus.*

YOUNG LUCIUS, *a boy, son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *son to Marcus Andronicus.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS,
DEMETRIUS,
CHIRON,
} *sons to Tamora.*

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans and Goths.

TAMORA, *queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome, and the country near it.*

The Tragedy of
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Rome. Before the Capitol. The Tomb of the Andronici appearing.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter below, Saturninus and his Followers from one side, and Bassianus and his Followers from the other side, with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field.
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up into the Capitol.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter Martius and Mutius; after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then Lucius and Quintus. After them,

Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora Queen of Goths, with Alarbus, Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*They open the tomb.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs and on a pile
'Ad manes fratrum' sacrifice his flesh
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadows be not unappeased,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.
[*Exeunt the sons of Andronicus with Alarbus.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen,
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter the sons of Andronicus, with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.
[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons:
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned drugs; here are no storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter, below, Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes; re-enter Saturninus and Bassianus attended.

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right;
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,

But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say 'Long live our emperor!'

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'
[*A long flourish till they come down.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*To Tamora*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
[*Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show.*
Bas. [*Seizing Lavinia*] Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
Tit. How, sir! are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bas. Ay, noble Titus, and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right.
Marc. 'Suum cuique' is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised!
Sat. Surprised! by whom?
Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I 'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I 'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Stabbing Mutius.*
Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*
[*During the fray Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron and Aaron go out, and re-enter above.*

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;

My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promised love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I 'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Doth overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.
[*Exeunt all but Titus.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Marc. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:

My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. } And shall, or him we will accompany.
Mart. }

Tit. And shall! what villain was it spake that word?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:
The dismall'st day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. [*Kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Marc. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is,
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, Saturninus attended, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron; from the other, Bassianus, Lavinia, with others.

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;
But if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,

Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you and highly moved to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have loved and honoured Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
[*Aside to Sat.*] My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:

You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
I 'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andronicus;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise: my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus.
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,

Tendering our sister's honour and our own.
Marc. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults:
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we 'll give your grace bonjour.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Rome. Before the palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,

And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.
Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am graced,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace:
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,

And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. [*Aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. [*Coming forward*] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved.
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darest perform.

Aar. Away, I say!
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her! how?

Dem. Why makest thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. [*Aside*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tired with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.

Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c., Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal. Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, and their Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty;

Madam, to you as many and as good:
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have wrung it lustily, my lords;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport. [*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A lonely part of the forest.

Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
[*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelloving noise;
And, after conflict such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
While hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more; we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress; Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him, and I 'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you

Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have ticed me hither to this place:
A barren detested vale, you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me the poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw;
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
[*To Chiron*] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion, moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means: away with her!

Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I 'll stop your mouth. Bring thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Aaron, with Quintus and Martius.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[*Falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fall'n? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismal'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

Aar. [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother.
[*Exit.*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*

Enter Saturninus with Aaron.

Sat. Along with me: I 'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left them there.

Mart. We know not where you left them all alive;
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though grieved with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. [*Giving a letter*] Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*Reads*] 'An if we miss to meet him handsomely—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this and purchase us thy lasting friends.'
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. [*To Titus*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be proved in them—

Sat. If it be proved! you see it is apparent.
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my fathers' reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:

Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let 's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

Horns winded within. Enter Marcus from hunting.

Mar. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast!
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness

As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomel, why she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go and make thy father blind;

For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Enter Judges, Senators, and Tribunes, with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on to the place of execution; Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
[*Lieth down; the Judges, &c. pass by him, and Exeunt.*
For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My son's sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,

That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawn.

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them . . .
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent and offendeth not,

And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
[*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ay me, this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.
Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou camest:
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain:
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands to do Rome service is but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my dear; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me: what shall I do,
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;

Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.
Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.
Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word, that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.
Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I 'll send the emperor
My hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I 'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I 'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:
But I 'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you 'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*

Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call! [*To Lav.*] What, would thou kneel with me?
Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.
[*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*

Marc. Alas, poor heart! that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here,
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things:
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;

Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let 's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt all but Lucius.*

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A room in Titus's house. A banquet set out.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.
[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!
Come, let 's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:
Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks:
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. 'But!' How, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.
Ah, sirrah!
Yet, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me:
I 'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Rome. Titus's garden.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Then enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean:
See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad for sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books and fly,
Causeless perhaps. But, pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will. [*Lavinia turns over with her stumps the books which Lucius has let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there were more than one
Confederate in the fact: ay, more there was:
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses:
My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:
What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see!
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—
O, had we never, never hunted there!—
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down by me.
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!

My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me. [*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.*] I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece; and here display at last
What God will have discovered for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
'Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.'

Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me, as, with the woful fere
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.

But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware
The dam will wake; and if she wind you once,
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where 's your lesson then? Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that 's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I 'll fit thee, and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I 'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we 'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and young Lucius.*

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart

Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield,
But yet so just that he will not revenge.
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door; and at another door, young Lucius, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus.
[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what 's the news?

Boy. [*Aside*] That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please you,
My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

Dem. What 's here? A scroll, and written round about!
Let 's see:

[*Reads*] 'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just; a verse in Horace; right, you have it.
[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here 's no sound jest: the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside*] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over. [*Trumpets sound within.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.
Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace!
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, she is brought a-bed.
Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam;
A joyful issue.
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. That which thou canst not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.
Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!
Chi. It shall not live.
Aar. It shall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Dem. I 'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.
Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-limed walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress, this myself,
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here 's a young lad framed of another leer:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say ' Old lad, I am thine own.'
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.
But say, again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel when the third 's away:
Go to the empress, tell her this I said.
[*He kills the nurse.*
Weke, weke!
So cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanced,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,

And send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.
Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.
Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the Nurse's body.*
Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I 'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I 'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior and command a camp. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The same. A public place.

Enter Titus, bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him, Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen (Publius, Sempronius, and Caius), with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astræa reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she 's gone, she 's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may catch her in the sea;

Yet there's as little justice as at land:
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And then it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night to attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I 'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
And sith there 's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus;
[*He gives them the arrows.*
'Ad Jovem,' that 's for you: here, 'Ad Apollinem':
'Ad Martem,' that 's for myself:
Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There 's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha!
Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here 's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I 'll be at hand, sir: see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will. [*Exit.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, Lords, and others; Saturninus with the Arrows in his hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egal justice used in such contempt?

My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd
But even with law against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What 's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if he sleep,
He 'll so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. [*Aside*] Why, thus it shall become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you godden: I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged! by 'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds;
May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege:
For this proud mock I 'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Æmilius.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms:
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often heard them say,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ears
With golden promises; that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
[*To Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambassador:
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Plains near Rome.

Flourish. Enter Lucius and Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;

And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we 'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

All the Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron with his Child in his arms.

Sec. Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art;
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!'—even thus he rates the babe—
'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'

With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye;
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I 'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall.
I 'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'

Luc. Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:

And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believest no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I 'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I sware to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, and luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:

That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:
I pried me through the crevice of a wall
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

First Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;

Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Third Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter Æmilius.

Welcome, Æmilius: what 's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

First Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rome. Before Titus's house.

Enter Tamora, Demetrius, and Chiron, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter Titus, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived: for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There 's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I 'll come and be thy waggoner,

And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I 'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers and come with me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are,
And you the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I 'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I 'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or at the least make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus, below.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house:
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I 'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that 's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he 's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he 's a ravisher.
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee:
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel.
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths:
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I 'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to her sons*] What say you, boys? will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determined jest?

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
[*Exit Tamora.*

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius and others.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. [*Exit.*
[*Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter Titus, with Lavinia; he bearing a knife, and she a basin.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I 'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;

For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged:
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I 'll play the cook,
And see them ready against their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

Scene III.

Court of Titus's house. A banquet set out.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in,
[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Æmilius, Tribunes, Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament moe suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?
Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle:
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will.
[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.*

Enter Titus, like a Cook, placing the meat on the table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face, young Lucius, and others.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.
Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.
Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[*Kills Lavinia.*

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage, and it now is done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Kills Tamora.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*Kills Titus.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There 's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!
[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus, and others go up into the balcony.*

Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars sever'd, as a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
[*To Lucius*] Speak, Rome's dear friend: as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy;
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despised, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold the child:
[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge

These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak, and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!

Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
[*To Attendants.*
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Lucius, Marcus, and the others descend.

All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task;
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.

O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kissing Titus.*
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marc. Tear for tear and loving kiss for kiss
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee well:
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants with Aaron.

A Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,

For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

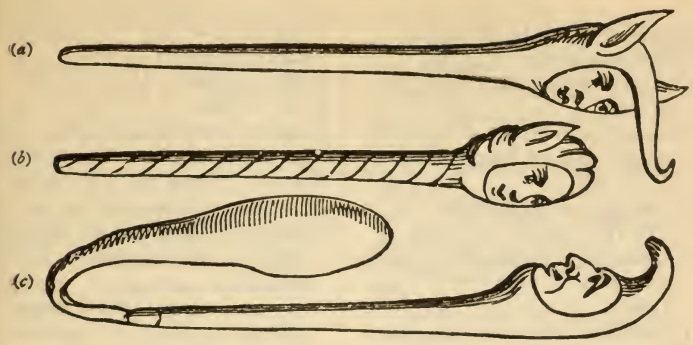
Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abused, deceived; II. iii. 87.
Accited, cited, summoned; I. i. 27.
Acheron, the river of the infernal regions (Quartos, Folio 1, *"Acaron"*); IV. iii. 44.
Achieve, obtain; II. i. 80.
Actæon, the Theban prince transformed by Diana into a stag; II. iii. 63.
Advice; "upon a.," on reflection, on consideration; I. i. 379.
——; "good a.," deliberate consideration (Collier conj. *"device"*); IV. i. 92.
Advised; "well a.," not mad, in his right senses; IV. ii. 10.
Advise thee, consider, deliberate; IV. ii. 129.
Affect, desire; II. i. 105.
Affected, loved; II. i. 28.
Affy, confide; I. i. 47.
Afoot; "well a.," in good health; IV. ii. 29.
After, afterwards; II. iii. 123.
Age, seniority; I. i. 8.
Aim; "give me a.," "give room and scope to my thoughts"; V. iii. 149.
Alcides, Hercules; IV. ii. 95.
Anchorage, anchor; I. i. 73.
Annoy, grief, suffering; IV. i. 49.
Appointed, furnished, equipped; IV. ii. 16.
Approve, prove; II. i. 35.
Approved, tried; V. i. 1.
As, so that; II. iii. 103.
Associate, join; V. iii. 169.
At, on; IV. iii. 9.
Author, cause; I. i. 435.

Baleful; "b. mistletoe," with reference to the supposed poisonous berries of the plant; II. iii. 95.
Bane, mischief; V. iii. 73.
Bauble; V. i. 79. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Bay; "at a b.," in my power (a term taken from hunting); IV. ii. 42.
——, barking; II. ii. 3.
Beholding, beholden; I. i. 396.
Belike, I suppose; IV. ii. 50.
Bewray, betray, reveal; II. iv. 3.
Blowse, "a ruddy fat-faced wench"; IV. ii. 72.
Bonjour, good morning; I. i. 494.
Boots, avails; V. iii. 18.
Brabble, quarrel; II. i. 62.
Bravely, finely, properly; IV. iii. 112.
Braves, defiance, threatenings; II. i. 30.
——, defies; II. iii. 126.



(*a*) From MS. 6829, National Library, Paris.
(*b*) and (*c*) From ivory carvings in the Maskell collection and in the Louvre.

Break the parle, open the parley; V. iii. 19.
Brethren (trisyllabic); i. i. 348.
Broach, spit; IV. ii. 85.
Buzz, whisper; IV. iv. 7.

Candidatus, candidate; I. i. 185.
Careful, full of care; IV. iii. 30.
Castle, (?) a close helmet (Theobald "*casque*"; Walker, "*crest*"); III. i. 170.
Challenged, accused; I. i. 340.
Chaps, wrinkles; V. iii. 77.
Charm, affect by magic power; II. i. 23.
Charming, having the power of fascination; II. i. 16.
Chase, hunting-ground; II. iii. 255.
Cheer, countenance; I. i. 264.
Chequer'd, variegated; II. iii. 15.
Children (trisyllabic); II. iii. 115.
Clean, entirely; I. i. 129.
Close, secret; IV. ii. 118.
Closing with, humouring; V. ii. 70.
Closure, end; V. iii. 134.
Clubs, Clubs; "in any public affray the cry was 'Clubs! Clubs!' by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); II. i. 37.
Cocytus, the infernal river; II. iii. 236.
Codding, lustful; V. i. 99.
Coffin, the crust of a pie; V. ii. 189.
Coil, confusion, ado; III. i. 225.
Common, general; I. i. 21.
Compact, made of, composed; V. iii. 88.
Compassion, compassionate, pity; IV. i. 124.

Complot, plot; II. iii. 265.
Complots, plots; V. i. 65.
Conceit, device, invention; IV. ii. 30.
Conduct, guidance; IV. iv. 65.
Confederate, in league, allied; V. i. 108.
Consecrate, consecrated; I. i. 14; II. i. 121.
Continence, moderation (Collier MS., "*conscience*"); I. i. 15.
Controll'd, hindered; I. i. 420.
Convenient, proper, becoming; V. ii. 90.
Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi; IV. i. 12.
Couch, lie hidden; V. ii. 38.
Cousin, niece (used for any kinsman or kinswoman); II. iv. 12.
Cozen'd, cheated; V. iii. 101.
Cut, cut off; V. i. 93.
Cyclops, the giant servants of Vulcan; IV. iii. 46.

Dancing-rapier, a sword worn only for ornament at dancing; II. i. 39. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Days; "no longer d.," no more time; IV. ii. 165.
Deadly-standing, menacing death; II. iii. 32.
Dear, grievous (Hanmer, "*dire*"); III. i. 257.
——, dearly; IV. i. 23.
Decipher'd, detected; IV. ii. 8.
Decreed, decided, determined; II. iii. 274.
Decrees, resolutions; V. ii. 11.
Despite; "in my d.," in defiance of me; I. i. 361.
Detect, expose; II. iv. 27.
Dian, Diana; II. iii. 61.
Discover, reveal; V. i. 85.
Dispose, dispose of; IV. ii. 173.
Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 26.
Dominator, ruler; II. iii. 31.
Doubted, suspected; II. iii. 60.
Dreadful, full of dread; II. i. 128.
Drive upon, rush upon, attack; II. iii. 64.
Dumps, melancholy; I. i. 391.



From an ornament on a pistol of Shakespeare's time, in the Meyrick collection.

Ecstasies, madness; IV. iv. 21.
Ecstasy, excitement; IV. i. 125.
Egal, equal; IV. iv. 4.
Embracement, embrace; V. ii. 68.
Embrewed, bathed in blood; II. iii. 222.
Emperial's, a blunder for *emperor's*; IV. iii. 94.
Empery, empire, dominion; I. i. 19.

Empress (trisyllabic; Quarto 1, Folios 1, 2, "*Empresse*"; Quarto 2, "*Emperesse*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Emperess*"); I. i. 320.
Enacts, working; IV. ii. 118.
Enceladus, a giant of ancient fable; IV. ii. 93.
Enforced, forced; V. iii. 38.
Engine, instrument; III. i. 82.
Entreats, entreaties; I. i. 449.
Escape, escapade, transgression; IV. ii. 113.
Exclaims, outcries, lamentations (Keightley, "*exclaim*"; Anon. conj., "*extremes*"); IV. i. 86.
Extent, maintenance, application; IV. iv. 3.

Fact, evil deed; IV. i. 39.
Fat, fatten; III. i. 204.
Fear, fear for; II. iii. 305.
Feed, food; IV. iv. 93.
Fell, fallen; II. iv. 50.
Fere, spouse; IV. i. 89.
Fire (dissyllabic); I. i. 127.
Flood, sea; IV. ii. 103.
Fond, foolish; II. iii. 172.
For, as for; IV. iii. 39.
——, through; IV. i. 21.
Forfend, forbid; I. i. 434.
Forth, out of; III. i. 84.
Found, found out, discovered; IV. ii. 26.
Framed, formed, fashioned; IV. iii. 46.
Fraught, freight; I. i. 71.
Funeral, burial; IV. ii. 163.
Funerals, obsequies; I. i. 381.

Gad, sharp point; IV. i. 103.
Gear, business; IV. iii. 52.
Gentleness, kindness; I. i. 237.
Glad, gladden; I. i. 166.
Glistering, glittering; II. i. 7.
Gloze, make mere words; IV. iv. 35.
God-den, good evening; IV. iv. 43.
Good; "were as g.," might just as well; IV. iii. 57.
Gramercy, many thanks; I. i. 495.
Gratulate, make glad, gratify; I. i. 221.
Grey; "morn grey" = blue (Hanmer, "*gay*"); II. ii. 1.
Griefs, grievances; I. i. 443.

Hale, drag; V. ii. 51.
Hap, chance; V. ii. 101.
Happily, perchance, perhaps; IV. iii. 8.
Happy, opportune; II. iii. 23.
Head; "fought at head"; "an allusion to bulldogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front and seizing his nose" (Johnson); V. i. 102.
Heaviness, sadness, sorrow; III. ii. 49.
Heavy, sad; III. i. 277.
——, sad; IV. iii. 25.
Hecuba, the wife of Priam, King of Troy; IV. i. 20.
High-witted, sly, cunning; IV. iv. 35.
Himself; "not with h.," *i.e.* beside himself; I. i. 368.
His, its; III. i. 97.
Holp'st, didst help; IV. iv. 59.
Home, to the quick; II. i. 118.

Honesty, chastity; III. iii. 135.
Honey-stalks, i.e. "Clover flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die" (Johnson); IV. iv. 91.
Horse, horses; II. ii. 18.
Hyperion, the Sun god; V. ii. 56.

Ignomy, ignominy, shame; IV. ii. 115.
Imperious, imperial (Quarto 2, Folios, "*imperiall*"); I. i. 250; IV. iv. 81.
Incorporate, incorporated; I. i. 462.
Increase, produce; V. ii. 192.
Indifferently, impartially; I. i. 430.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; V. i. 12.
Inherit, possess; II. iii. 3.
Insult on, exult, triumph; III. ii. 71.
Intercepted, restrained; II. iii. 80.

Jet upon, i.e. "treat with insolence" (Quartos, "*iet*"; Folios, "*set*"; Malone, "*jut*"); II. i. 64.
Joy, enjoy; II. iii. 83.
Just, just so, exactly; IV. ii. 24.

Kind, nature; II. i. 116.

Laertes' son, Ulysses; I. i. 380.
Lamenting doings, lamentations [Anon. MS. conj. apud Theobald, "*dronings*" for "*doings*"]; III. ii. 62.
Lasting, everlasting; II. iii. 275.
Lave, wash, bathe; IV. ii. 103.
Learn, teach; II. iii. 143.
Leave, cease; I. i. 424.
Leer, complexion; IV. ii. 119.
Leisure; "by l.," in no hurry; I. i. 301.
Like, equal; V. iii. 200.
Limbo, the borders of hell, or hell itself; the *Limbus patrum,* as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his "Paradise of Fools"; III. i. 149.
List, pleases; IV. i. 100.
Lively, living; III. i. 105.
Loaden, laden; V. ii. 53.
Loose, loosen my hold; II. iii. 243.
——, loosen your bow, let fly; IV. iii. 58.
Luxurious, lustful; V. i. 88.

Madded, maddened; III. i. 104.
Manes; "ad manes fratrum," *i.e.* "to the shades of my brothers" (Quartos, Folios 1, 2, "*manus*"); I. i. 98.
Maugre, in spite of; IV. ii. 110.
Mean, means; II. iv. 40.
Meed, recompense; V. iii. 66.
Mesh'd, mashed (a brewer's term); III. ii. 38.
Mightful, full of might; IV. iv. 5.

Minion, pert, saucy person; II. iii. 124.
Mistership, a blunder for "mistress-ship"; IV. iv. 40.
Mock, derision, scorn; IV. iv. 58.
Moe, more; V. iii. 17.

Napkin, handkerchief; III. i. 140.
Nilus, the Nile; III. i. 71.
Note, notice (Pope's emendation of Quartos, Folios, "*notice*"); II. iii. 85.

O'ercome, covered; II. iii. 95.
Of, by; II. iii. 167.
——, from; III. ii. 44.
——, on; IV. iii. 59.
Officious, ready, helpful; V. ii. 202.
On, in; II. iii. 223.
——; "set fire on," *i.e.* set fire to; V. i. 133.
Onset, beginning; I. i. 238.
Opinion, reputation; I. i. 416.
Over-ween; "dost o.," art presumptuous; II. i. 29.

Pack, plot; IV. ii. 155.
Painted hope (*v.* Note); II. iii. 126.
Palliament, robe; I. i. 182.
Parcel, part; II. iii. 49.
Part, depart; I. i. 488.
Passing, surpassingly; II. iii. 84.
Passion, violent sorrow; I. i. 106.
Passionate, express sorrowfully; III. ii. 6.
Patient; "p. yourself," *i.e.* be patient; I. i. 121.
Perforce, of necessity; II. i. 107.
Per Styga, per manes vehor, i.e. I am borne through the Styx, through the kingdom of the dead; II. i. 135.
Philomel, the daughter of Pandion, ravished by Tereus, who afterwards cut out her tongue to prevent her exposing him; II. iii. 43.
Phœbe, Diana (Quartos, Folio 1, "*Thebe*"); I. i. 316.
Piece, used contemptuously of a person; I. i. 309.
Pitch, used of the height to which a falcon soars; II. i. 14.
Piteously, in a manner exciting pity (Heath conj. "*pitilessly*"; Singer [ed. 2], "*piteousless*"; Collier MS., "*despiteously*"); V. i. 66.
Plots, spots of ground; II. i. 115.
Power, armed force; III. i. 300; IV. iv. 63.
Present, immediate, instant; II. iii. 173.
Presently, immediately; II. iii. 62; IV. ii. 166.
Prize; "played your p.," a technical term in the ancient fencing-school; I. i. 399.
Progne, wife of Tereus, to whom, in revenge for her sister Philomela, she slaughtered and served up his son Itys to eat; V. ii. 196.
Propose, be ready to meet; II. i. 80.
Put it up, put up with it; I. i. 433.

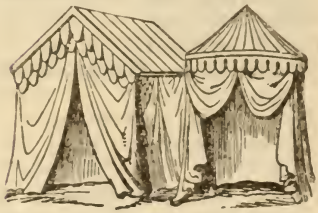
Put up, i.e. sheathe your swords; II. i. 53.

Quit, requite, revenge; I. i. 141.
Quotes, observes, examines; IV. i. 50.

Rapier, small sword; IV. ii. 85.
Rapine, rape; V. ii. 59.
Re-edified, restored; I. i. 351.
Remembered; "be you r.," remember; IV. iii. 5.
Reprehending, reproving, reprimanding; III. ii. 69.
Requite, revenge; III. i. 297.
Reserved, preserved, kept safe; I. i. 165.
Resolve, tell; V. iii. 35.
Rolled, coiled (Collier MS., "*coiled*"); II. iii. 13.
Rue, pity; I. i. 105.
Ruffle, be turbulent and disorderly; I. i. 313.

Sacred (used ironically, with perhaps a quibble on the Latin use = accursed); II. i. 120.
Sanguine, blood-coloured; IV. ii. 97.
Saturn, the planet of hate and gloom; II. iii. 31.
Scath, injury; V. i. 7.
Secure of, safe from; II. i. 3.
Self-blood, selfsame blood; IV. ii. 123.
Semiramis, the queen of Assyria, proverbial for her voluptuousness and cruelty; II. iii. 118.
Sensibly; "endowed with the same feelings as you"; IV. ii. 122.
Sequence; "in s.," one after the other; IV. i. 37.
Sequester'd, separated (Quartos, Folios, "*sequestred*"); II. iii. 75.
Servile, slavish (Quarto 2, Folios, "*idle*"); II. i. 18.
Shall, will; IV. iv. 107.
Shape, form; IV. iv. 57.
Shive, slice; II. i. 87.
Sibyl, one of the Roman prophetesses; IV. i. 105.
Single, isolate; "s. you," bring unattended; II. i. 117.
Sinon, the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to carry the wooden horse into Troy; V. iii. 85.
Sit fas aut nefas, be it right or wrong (a popular Latin phrase); II. i. 133.
Sith, since; I. i. 271; IV. iii. 49.
Slip, scion; V. i. 9.
Smooth, flatter; IV. iv. 96.
Solemn, ceremonious; II. i. 112.
Solon's happiness, alluding to Solon's saying that no man can be pronounced happy before his death; I. i. 177.
Some deal, somewhat; III. i. 245.
Somewhat, something; IV. i. 9.
Somewhither, somewhere, to some place or other; IV. i. 11.
Speak fair, humour; V. ii. 140.
Speed, succeed (Delius conj. "*speak*"); I. i. 372.
Spleenful, hot, eager; II. iii. 191.
Spurn, hurt, stroke; III. i. 101.

Square, quarrel; II. i. 100.
——, shape; III. ii. 31.
Stale, laughing-stock; I. i. 304.
Stand on, insist on; IV. iv. 105.
Starved, benumbed with cold; III. i. 252.
Stay'd, detained; II. iii. 181.
Still, always, continually; III. ii. 30.
——, constant; III. ii. 45.
Stint, stop, silence; IV. iv. 86.
Stood upon, set a high value upon; II. iii. 124.
Straight, straightway, immediately; I. i. 127.
Stuprum, violation; IV. i. 78.
Subscribe, submit; IV. ii. 130.
Succeed, succeeded; I. i. 40.
Successantly, (?) following after another, or, perhaps, successfully (Rowe, "*successfully*"; Capell, "*incessantly*"; Collier conj. "*thou instantly*"); Cartwright conj. "*you instantly*"); IV. iv. 113.
Successive; "my s. title," "my title to the succession"; I. i. 4.
Suppose, supposition; I. i. 440.
Surance, assurance; V. ii. 46.
Suum cuique, to every man his due; I. i. 280.
Swarth, swarthy, black (Quarto 1, "*swartie*"; Capell, "*swarty*"); II. iii. 72.
Sweet water, perfumed water; II. iv. 6.
Swelling, full to bursting; V. iii. 13.
Swounded, swooned, fainted; V. i. 119.
Take up, make up; IV. iii. 92.
Tedious, laborious; II. iv. 39.
Temper, shape, mould; IV. iv. 109.
——, mix; V. ii. 200.
Tendering, caring for; I. i. 476.
Tent, I. i. 138. (The annexed examples of Roman tents of the time of Julius Cæsar are from ancient bas-reliefs at Rome.)



That, that which; I. i. 408.
Threat, threaten; II. i. 40.
Threats, threatens; IV. iv. 67.
Ticed, enticed; II. iii. 92.
Timeless, untimely; II. iii. 265.
Titan, the sun-god; I. i. 226.
To, into; I. i. 421.
Tofore, before; II. i. 294.
Train'd, enticed; V. i. 104.
Tribunal plebs, a blunder for "tribunus plebis" = the tribune of the people; IV. iii. 92.
Trump, trumpet; I. i. 275.
Tully's Orator, i.e. Cicero's *De Oratore*; IV. i. 14.
Turn, return; V. ii. 141.
Typhon, i.e. Typhœus, one of the giants of ancient fables; IV. ii. 94.

Uncouple, loosen the hounds; II. ii. 3.
Uncouth, strange, perplexing; II. iii. 211.
Undertake, answer for, guarantee; I. i. 436.
Unfurnish'd, deprived; II. iii. 56.
Unjustice, injustice; IV. iv. 18.
Unkind, unnatural; V. iii. 48.
Unrecuring, past cure, incurable; III. i. 90.
Unroll, uncoil; III. iii. 35.
Up and down, exactly, at all points; V. ii. 107.
Uprise, rising; III. i. 159.
Urchins, hedgehogs; II. iii. 101.

Virgo, the constellation of that name (in the old myth it represents Astræa, after she left the Earth); IV. iii. 64.
Voice, vote; I. i. 21.
Vouch, make good; I. i. 360.

Wags, moves; V. ii. 87.
Wall-eyed, fierce-eyed; V. i. 44.
Ware, wore; I. i. 6.
Weeds, garments; I. i. 70.
Welkin, sky; III. i. 212.
Well said, well done; IV. iii. 63.
What, why; I. i. 189.
Whenas, when; IV. iv. 92.
White-limed, white-washed; IV. ii. 98.
Who, whom; II. iii. 55.
Wind, scent; IV. i. 97.
——; "have the w. of you." keep an eye upon you; IV. ii. 133.
Wit, mental power (Warburton, "*will*"); II. i. 10.
With, by; II. iii. 78.
Witty, possessed of wit; IV. ii. 29.
Wot, know; II. i. 48.
Wreak, vengeance; IV. iii. 33.
Wreaks, resentments; IV. iv. 11.
Wrongfully, wrongful; IV. iv. 76.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 5-6. '*I am his first-born son, that was last That ware*'; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, 3 read '*I was the first-born son, that was the last That wore*'; Folio 4, '*I was the first-born Son of him that last Wore*'; Pope, '*I am the first-born son of him that last Wore*'; Collier, '*I am his . . . That wore*'; Collier MS., '*I am the first borne Sonne, of him the last That wore.*'

I. i. 62. '*gates*'; Capell reads '*gates, tribunes*'; Collier MS., '*brazen gates.*'

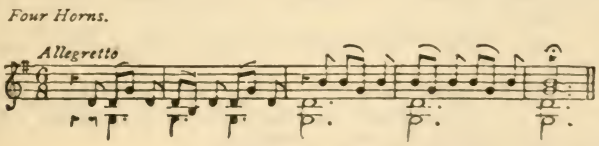
I. i. 138. '*his tent*'; Theobald reads '*her tent*' (alluding to Hecuba beguiling Polymnestor into the tent where she and the other Trojan captives were).

I. i. 154. '*drugs*'; Quarto 1, '*drugges*'; Quarto 2, '*grudgges*'; Folios, '*grudges.*'

I. i. 485. '*stand up*': perhaps these words were, as Pope suggested, merely a stage-direction.

II. i. 82, 83; *cf.* 1 *Henry VI.*, V. iii. 77, 78; *Richard III.*, I. ii. 228, 229.

II. ii. 10. '*Horns winded in a peal.*' *Cp.* the subjoined old French hunting fanfare (here reproduced from Naylor's '*Shakespeare and Music*').



II. iii. 20. '*yellowing*'; so Quartos; Folios read '*yelping*'; Pope, '*yelling.*'

II. iii. 93. '*barren detested*'; Rowe reads '*barren and detested*'; Capell, '*bare, detested.*'

II. iii. 126. '*painted hope braves your mightiness*'; so Quartos,

Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*painted hope, she . . .*'; Warburton, '*painted cope she . . .*'; Capell, '*paint now braves your mightiness*'; Steevens conj. '*painted, braves your . . .*'; etc., etc.

II. iii. 132. '*outlive, us*'; Theobald's pointing; Quartos, Folios, '*outliue us*'; Dyce (ed. 2), '*outlive ye.*'

II. iii. 152. '*paws*'; Collier MS., '*claws.*'

II. iv. 5. '*scrowl*'; Quartos, '*scrowle*'; Folios 1, 2, '*scowle*'; Folios 3, 4, '*scowl*'; Delius, '*scrawl.*'

II. iv. 9. '*case*'; Pope's emendation of Quartos; Folios, '*cause.*'

II. iv. 49. '*Which that sweet tongue hath made*'; so Quartos, Folios; Hanmer, '*Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made*'; Collier MS., '*Which that sweet tongue hath made in minstrelsy*'; etc.

III. i. 12. '*For these, tribunes*'; so Quartos, Folio 1; Folio 4, '*For these, these, Tribunes*'; Malone, '*For these, good tribunes*'; Jackson conj. '*For these two tribunes*'; Collier conj. '*For these, O tribunes.*'

III. i. 17. '*urns*'; Hanmer's emendation of Quartos; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*ruines*'; Folio 4, '*ruins.*'

III. i. 34-36. Quarto 2 reads '*or if they did marke, All bootlesse unto them*'; Folios, '*oh if they did heare They would not pitty me*'; Capell, '*or, if they did mark, All bootless unto them, they would not pity me,*' etc.

III. i. 67. '*sight*'; Theobald, '*spight.*'

III. i. 86. '*Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear*'; Collier MS. reads '*Rich varied notes, enchanting old and young*'; Folio 4, '*Sweet various . . .*'; etc.

III. i. 125. '*as*'; the reading of Collier, from Collier MS. and Long MS.; Quartos, Folios, '*in*'; Rowe, '*like.*'

III. i. 210. '*would*'; so Quartos; Folios read '*wilt*'; Capell conj. '*wou't.*'

III. i. 226. '*blow*'; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, Quartos, '*flow.*'

III. i. 282-3. '*employ'd in these things,*' etc.; so Folios; Quartos, '*imployde in these Armes*'; perhaps, as the Cambridge editors suggest, the original MS. had as follows:—

> "*And thou, Lavinia, shall be imployed,*
> *Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth,*"

the Quarto reading being due to a correction of '*teeth*' to '*armes*'; the latter being taken by the printer as belonging to the previous line.

III. i. 292. '*leaves*'; Rowe's emendation of Quartos; Folios, '*loues.*'

III. ii. The whole of this scene is omitted in Quartos.

III. ii. 13. '*with outrageous beating*'; Folio 1 reads '*without ragious beating.*'

IV. i. 9. '*Fear her not*'; so Quartos; Folios read '*Feare not*'; Rowe, '*Fear thou not.*'

IV. i. 45. '*Soft! so busily*'; Quartos; Folios read '*Soft, so busily*'; Rowe, '*Soft! see how busily*'; Capell, '*Soft, soft; how busily*'; Knight, '*Soft! how busily*'; Keightley, '*Soft, soft! so busily*'; Collier MS., '*Soft! see how busily.*'

IV. i. 81-82. '*Magni Dominator poli, Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*"; *i.e.* Great ruler of the skies, dost thou so tardily hear and see crimes committed? (Seneca's *Hippolytus*, ii. 671); Theobald, '*Magne Dominator*'; Hanmer, '*Magne Regnator.*'

IV. i. 129. '*Revenge, ye heavens,*' Johnson conj.; *Reuenge the heauens,*' so Quartos, Folios.

IV. ii. 8, 76. Omitted in Folios.

IV. ii. 20-21. 'He who is pure in life, and free from sin, needs not the darts of the Moor, nor the bow' (Horace, *Odes*, I. 22).

IV. ii. 26. '*sound*'; Theobald conjectured '*Fond*,' *i.e.* foolish; but '*sound*' is probably to be taken ironically.

IV. ii. 165. '*take no longer days*'; Collier MS., '*make no longer delays.*'

IV. iii. 16. '*then*,' a misprint for '*that.*'

IV. iii. 2. '*let*'; so Quartos, Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*now let.*'

IV. iii. 4. '*Terras Astræ reliquit*'; *i.e.* Astræ (the goddess of Justice) left the earth (Ovid *Metam.* i. 150).

IV. iii. 56. '*To Saturn, Caius*'; Capell's emendation; Quartos, Folios read '*To Saturnine, to Caius*'; Rowe (ed. 1), '*To Cælus and to Saturn*'; (ed. 2), '*To Saturn and to Cælus.*'

IV. iv. 37. '*Thy life-blood out*'; Folio 2, '*out*'; Folio 3, '*on't*'; Walker suggested that a previous line had been lost, but the text seems correct = "and drawn thy life-blood out."

IV. iv. 103. Omitted in Quarto 2 and Folios; the reading of Quarto 1.

V. i. 17. '*All the Goths,*' should be '*The other Goths,*' as the 'First Goth' is kept distinct.

V. i. 42. An allusion to the old proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye" (Malone).

V. i. 93. *'And cut her hands'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'And cut her hands off'*; Collier MS., *'Cut her hands off.'*

V. i. 122. A proverb found in *Ray's* collection.

V. i. 132. *'break their necks'*; Malone conj. *'break their necks and die'*; Jackson conj. *'stray and break their necks'*; Collier MS., *'ofttimes break their necks'*; etc.

V. ii. 80. *'ply'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'play.'*

V. ii. 162; iii. 52. Omitted in Folios.

V. iii. 73. *'Lest Rome'*; Capell's reading; Quartos, Folios, *'Let Rome'*; Malone, *'Lest Rome.'*

V. iii. 124. *'And as he is'*; so Quartos, Folios; Theobald reads *'Damn'd as he is.'*

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

8. *wrong mine age*:—Meaning his claims as his father's oldest son.

17. *Romans*:—As a matter of orthoepy, it is perhaps worthy of notice that throughout this play, and generally in English books printed before the middle of the seventeenth century, this word is spelled *Romaines* or *Romanes*. "Romaine" could hardly have been pronounced *roman*.

77. *defender of this Capitol*:—Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

101. It was supposed that the ghosts of the unburied dead appeared on earth, to haunt the living and solicit the rites of funeral.

168. *fame's eternal date*:—To outlive an eternal date is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame.

201. *obtain and ask*:—Perhaps intended as an instance of the hysteron-proteron—"the cart before the horse"—of classical rhetoric. But Staunton and others think that the line should read, "*Ask*, Titus, and thou shalt obtain the empery."

240. *empress*:—Here and elsewhere in this play this word is a trisyllable. Five lines above, *election* is a quadrisyllable, according to a common usage of Shakespeare's day.

271. "It was pity," remarks Steevens, "to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose anew; and she who was

engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora [II. iii. 66 *et seq.*] is of so coarse a nature that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) might have escaped censure on the score of poetic justice."

280. *Cuique* is here used as a trisyllable. "*Cui* and *huic*," says Walker, "were in the schools of Shakespeare's time pronounced as dissyllables, as they are still perhaps in some of the Scotch ones; and were supposed to be admissible in Latin verse composed after the Augustan models."

290. Titus, who sacrifices himself for his country, and his country to an unworthy first-born of a prince, completes the exhibition of spurious loyalty by supporting the new-elected Saturninus in depriving Bassianus of his betrothed Lavinia. There is no hint whatever that Titus is moved by ambition to have his daughter an empress, he is simply following his blind soldierlike maxim of obedience. He has no thought for the feelings she might be supposed to entertain, though in truth she does not betray them, and when his sons exclaim at the injustice, Titus disavows all right as opposed to sacred prerogative, and buries his sword in the bosom of his own child.

379. *The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax*:—The allusion, as Theobald remarked, is to a part of Sophocles' tragedy *Ajax*, in which Ulysses ("wise Laertes' son") and Teucer strenuously and successfully plead with Agamemnon for permission to bury the body of Ajax.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

79, 80. Chiron appears to mean that, had he a thousand lives, such was his love for Lavinia, he would venture them all to achieve her.

1 *Henry VI.*, V. iii. 78, 79:—

82, 83. These two lines occur, with very little variation, in

> "She 's *beautiful* and therefore *to* be woo'd;
> She is a woman, therefore *to* be won."

See also *Richard III.*, I. ii. 228, 229:—

> "Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
> Was ever woman in this humour won?"

85-87. *more water . . . shive*:—There is a proverb, "Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps"; and another, "It is safe taking a shive of a cut loaf." So in Warner's *Albion's England*: "A sheeve of bread as brown as nut." Both proverbs are found in *The Cobbler of Canterbury*, 1590: "Thus the Prior and the Smithes wife contented and enjoying their harts desire, the poore Smith loved her not a whit the worse, neither did he suspect anything, for the blind eates many a flie, and much water runnes by the mill that the miller wots not on. . . . By this the Prior perceived, that the scull had cut a shive on his loafe."

123. *file our engines with advice*:—That is, facilitate the workings of our machinations by her advice: with allusion to the use of the file for smoothing machinery to make it run free.

Scene II.

1 *et seq.* The internal evidence that has weighed against the authenticity of the play rests on the defects of its versification, which in large portions and in the first Scene especially, is tame, flat, monotonous: on the absence of dramatic spirit and poetic imagery, a charge which however is not universally applicable; and lastly, on the savage details of the story. The monotonous and tame versification is quite consistent with an early, perhaps the earliest, essay of Shakespeare, and, as some think, we may trace in the play the gradations by which this embarrassed style grew into the true Shakespearian vigour. In the second and third Scenes of this Act we have several speeches in which we may recognize the struggling attempt to that perfect harmonizing of imagery and verse of which *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* is the triumph. Compare these opening lines; also iii. 10 *et seq.*

9. *I have been troubled*, etc.:—Rolfe finds this "like Shakespeare's fondness for presentiments," and argues that "the passage is probably his."

Scene III.

72. *Cimmerian*:—The Moor is called *Cimmerian* from the affinity of blackness to darkness.

86. *noted long*:—Yet Saturninus and Tamora have been married but one night.

89. [*Enter Demetrius and Chiron.*] "The Greek names of Chiron and Demetrius," says Lloyd, "give a certain Byzantine colour to the story, which is helped by the tenour of the court intrigues and violences. Indeed, it is difficult not to think that the plot at large owes much to the suggestiveness of the history or story of Belisarius—the mighty general of an ungrateful country and emperor, in age and blindness begging for his bread. The Empress Theodosia was raised by Justinian, if not from the position of a captive, from one still lower, and had vice enough to furnish motive for the invention of Tamora; and even the eunuch Narses, the rival of Belisarius, is an appearance in the imperial court un-Roman enough to niche opposite to Aaron."

104. *Should straight fall mad*, etc.:—This is said in fabulous physiology of those that hear the groan of the mandrake when torn up. The same thought, and almost the same expression, occur in *Romeo and Juliet*, IV. iii. 45 *et seq.*

126. *painted hope*:—Johnson explains this as meaning "only specious hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid."

148. *a bastard*:—White remarks that "Lavinia says nothing about Chiron's father; but his reply would justify the belief that Tamora had played false with a true Milesian." "How," asks White, "was he to prove himself *a bastard*, by being unlike *his mother*?"

227. *A precious ring*, etc.:—Old naturalists assert that there is a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Boyle believed in the reality of its existence. It is often alluded to in ancient fable. Thus in the *Gesta Romanorum*: "He farther beheld and saw *a carbuncle that lighted all the house*." And Drayton, in *The Muses' Elysium*:—

> "That admired, mighty stone,
> The *carbuncle* that 's named;
> Which from it such a flaming light
> And radiancy ejecteth,
> That in the very darkest night
> The eye to it directeth."

Scene IV.

Upon the horrors set down at the beginning of this Scene Wilkes has this indignant observation: "Shakespeare may be acquitted of the barbarity of this device, but he cannot be excused

the error of adopting it; an author who takes advantage of the trust reposed in him by his audience, to wound their best feelings with unnecessary horrors, is nearly as bad as the characters who perpetrate them. A writer should reach his climax by tolerable steps, and he is not justified in exercising his art so as to cause us to love a beautiful ideal, merely that he may torture it in our presence, any more than a boy has a right to expect us to honour him for his dexterity in driving pins through flies."

5. *scrowl*:—"An unintelligible reading," says Schmidt. Some editors take *scrowl* for another form of *scroll*. Fabyan's *Chronicle* has, "the *scrowle* of resygnacyon"; and Burnet's *Records*, "accompts, books, *scroles*, instruments, or other writings."

26. *some Tereus hath deflowered thee*:—Tereus, King of Thrace, married Progne, to whose sister Philomela he was much attached, and of whom he at last became desperately enamoured. He ravished her, and, to free himself from her reproaches and her accusations, cut out her tongue. She finally made known her situation by means of her needle (sampler fashion): she was succoured by her sister Progne, who took revolting and unnatural vengeance upon Tereus. Progne was changed into a swallow, and Philomela into a nightingale. So goes the old story.

51. *Cerberus*, the three-headed dog fabled to guard the portals of the infernal regions, is alluded to in several of these plays. He is referred to here as being lulled to sleep by the music of Orpheus, *the Thracian poet*.

The events of this Scene are thus narrated in the old ballad in Percy's *Reliques*:—

> But nowe, behold! what wounded most my mind,
> The empresse's two sonnes of savage kind
> My daughter ravished without remorse,
> And took away her honour, quite perforce.
>
> When they had tasted of soe sweet a flowre,
> Fearing this sweete should shortly turn to sowre,
> They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
> How that dishonoure unto her befell.
>
> Then both her hands they basely cut off quite,
> Whereby their wickednesse she could not write,
> Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
> The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grassie ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her stumpes and bloudlesse armes;
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*Rome.*] The political condition represented in the drama has great peculiarities, and while inconsistent throughout with Roman history, is consistent with itself. We appear to be presented with a view of a free commonwealth, with mixed popular and patrician institutions—tribunes and senators, passing through the stage of a virtual but unrecognized monarchy to an Eastern despotism. Roman history furnished a certain parallel to most of the political circumstances, but never to the exact relative distribution of power, to say nothing of special detail.

10. Hudson, instead of *two and twenty,* adopts (Harvard ed.) Lettsom's reading, *one-and-twenty.*

72. *I'll chop*:—Rolfe states that "Steevens conjectured 'or chop,' because Titus, after chopping off one hand, would not be able to chop off the other!" Rolfe refers for comparison to lines 77, 78.

231. *For why*:—Much used formerly as meaning *because, inasmuch as,* and the like.

257. *with this dear sight*:—The word *dear* has here, as in many other passages in these plays, an intensifying, superlative sense which it is not easy to express or explain, but which, though it may be difficult of comprehension to some, is easy of apprehension by all. Its force is entirely of degree, not at all of kind; and it is applied indiscriminately to that which is good and that which is bad, that which is welcome and that which is unwelcome, that which is loved and that which is hated. We still say, "my dearest friend"; but in *Hamlet* (I. ii. 182) we find "my dearest foe."

Scene II.

9. *Who, when my heart,* etc.:—The *who* here certainly makes the passage entirely inconsequential. But Dyce asks, and, in White's opinion, with much reason, if this may not be due to the

author's ungrammatical use of the relative. Rowe and subsequent editors change *who* to *and*, regardless of utter dissimilarity of the words in form and sound.

12. *Map of woe* is *image* or *picture* of woe. So in *Richard II.*, V. i. 12: "Thou *map* of honour."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

77. [*She takes the staff*, etc.] Thus the old ballad:—

> But when I sawe her in that woefull case,
> With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
> For my Lavinia I lamented more
> Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.
>
> When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
> With grief mine aged heart began to breake;
> We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
> Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.
>
> For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,
> She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:—
> "The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse
> Are doers of this hateful wickednesse."

104. *Gad* is Anglo-Saxon for any pointed weapon, or the point of any weapon; and an ox gad or goad was originally a rod tipped with a point. The name has remained, although a lash has taken the place of the point.

Scene II.

44. *for to say amen*:—White says: "It is noteworthy that in this play (Act. IV. Sc. ii.) we find an instance of the idiom 'for to,' which Greene used so freely, and which Shakespeare and Marlowe so carefully avoided; and one of 'when-as' (Act IV. Sc. iv.) which occurs often in the works of both Greene and Marlowe, but never, I believe, in any undoubted play of Shakespeare's. It is also worthy of observation that the three or four instances of similarity of expression between this play and other

works bearing Shakespeare's name connect it only with *Venus and Adonis*, his earliest poem, and with the First Part of *Henry VI.* and *The Taming of the Shrew*—two plays in which Shakespeare has but a part interest; sharing again with Greene and Marlowe, almost without a doubt."

72. *blowse*:—If *blowsy* mean ruddy and fat-faced, the substantive would seem not correctly applied to a new-born black-amoor child. Perhaps it had passed into a familiar term of jocose endearment for a child. Richardson explains a *blowse* as "one who has been well blown upon, or exposed to blowing winds."

156. *pack*:—For other instances of the use of *pack* for plot, see *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. ii. 118: "A *pack*, a conspiracy against me"; also *The Comedy of Errors*, V. i. 219, 220: "That goldsmith there, were he not *pack'd* with her, could witness it."

173-181. Lloyd here makes the following observation regarding the metrical workmanship: "Aaron's address to his child that concludes [this Scene] leaves little to be desired, and generally as the play advances there does seem to be an improved mastery of the instrument of language. It is remarkable withal that rhymes couplet and alternate are rare throughout the play; this would seem to indicate that with Shakespeare indulgence in rhyme was the result, in the first instance, of very luxuriance of versifying power that was not developed at first, but grew with the general growth of his facility—was allowed the rein in certain compositions which contain blank verse as fine as any he ever wrote, and then was controlled and subjected in the general progress of his powers towards perfect development and unity of balanced activity."

Scene III.

5. *Be you remember'd*:—Compare with this these lines (607, 608) in *The Rape of Lucrece*:—

> "O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
> From vassal actors can be wiped away."

7. *Ocean* is here, as in other instances in this play, a trisyllable.

43, 44. '*I' ll dive*,' etc.:—Observe that *Acheron*, the river of the infernal regions, is here represented as a *burning lake*—one of the

Poet's frequent uses of license. Compare the imagery of the passage with 1 *Henry IV.*, I. iii. 203-205:—

"Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks."

Scene IV.

108 *et seq.* The following observations of Lloyd afford light alike on what is past and what is to follow: "After Lucius has betaken himself to the Goths, and Titus is giving way to half-crazy laments and insults to the Emperor, there is considerable melodramatic excitements produced by the uncertainty whether Tamora, who proposes to 'temper that old Andronicus with all the art she has, to pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths,' may not succeed in her plan. Even after Titus, whether in sane or madman method, has cut the throats of Chiron and Demetrius, we feel apprehension lest Lucius may be deceived, and even his precautions frustrated. The reader is relieved, and the catastrophe arrives when [V. iii.] Titus having killed Lavinia first, then stabs Tamora, whom he had caused to eat unwittingly of the flesh of her own sons. It is in harmony with the character of Titus as delineated all through the play, that to the last he does not appear to meditate violence against Saturninus. He falls himself by the hand of the Emperor, who finds an executioner in Lucius exasperated at the sight of his father's death."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

121 *et seq.* "It has been said," remarks Knight, "that 'there is not a shade of difference between the two Moors, Eleazar and Aaron.' Eleazar is a character in *Lust's Dominion*, incorrectly attributed to Marlowe. Trace the cool, determined, sarcastic, remorseless villain, Aaron, through these blood-spilling scenes, and see if he speaks in 'King Cambyses' vein,' as Eleazar speaks in the following lines:—

'Now, Tragedy, thou minion of the night,
Rhamnusia's pew-fellow, to thee I 'll sing

Upon an harp made of dead Spanish bones—
The proudest instrument the world affords;
When thou in crimson jollity shall bathe
Thy limbs, as black as mine, in springs of blood
Still gushing from the conduit-head of Spain.
To thee that never blushest, though thy cheeks
Are full of blood, O Saint Revenge, to thee
I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
The volume of all wounds that wound from me;
Mine is the Stage, thine the Tragedy.'

It appears manifest that, although the author of *Titus Andronicus* did choose—in common with the best and the most popular of those who wrote for the early stage, but contrary to his after-practice—a subject which should present to his comparatively rude audiences the excitement of a succession of physical horrors, he was so far under the control of his higher judgement, that, avoiding their practice, he steadily abstained from making his 'verses jet on the stages in tragical buskins; every word filling the mouth like the faburden of Bow bell, daring God out of heaven with that atheist Tamburlaine, or blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun.'"

Scene II.

206. The old ballad thus carries the narrative to the end of this Scene:—

The Moore, delighting still in villainy
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free,
I should unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The Moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
They sent to me my bootless hand againe,
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
Which filled my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe:
I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,
Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they),
To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veines a certaine space,
Untill my friendes did find a secret place,
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pyes straight therewithall.

Scene III.

"The Poet," says a critic, "grinds his red colour with stintless liberality, and might seem to sit down to his task fresh from the bloody conflicts of the bear-garden, as he expected an audience whose tastes were trimmed to such a school. But even here it may be we recognize the hand of Shakespeare—the prentice hand. The horrors of the tragedy are scarcely greater than occur in his own masterpieces, or in those of mighty dramatists his predecessors, they are matched in *Hamlet*, in *Lear*, in *Œdipus Tyrannus*; but they are not relieved and counterbalanced by the other aids of tragic art in its highest form, that enable us to read the plays enumerated with equable satisfaction and delight. Shakespeare's early plays for the most part exhibit severally some single of his resources in excess, some one of his powers luxuriant to rankness at the expense of, as if unknown to, the others. In *Titus Andronicus* this predominance is allowed to the quality that even in tragedy least admits such license, barbarous execution and revolting cruelty."

60 *et seq.* The old ballad concludes:—

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet, served in stately wise,

Before the empresse set this loathsome meat;
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empresse then I slewe with bloudy knife,
And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie,
And then myself: even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found,
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd.
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd.

64. [*Kills Titus.*] Ulrici makes this comment, which sums up the chief tragic features of the play: "That the hero is not undeservedly overpowered by his tragic fate, is evident if, on the one hand, we consider the cold-blooded indifference with which he causes Tamora's eldest son to be conducted as a victim to the sacrifice—an act of cruelty in which his own sons take part; on the other hand, the passionate heat in which he strikes down his own child for a pardonable opposition to his will, and finally the fearful inhuman revenge he takes upon the doubtless equally inhuman queen. Moreover, poetical justice is also satisfied by the common ruin which in the end overtakes all those that are guilty. Lastly, it must not be overlooked that the foundation of the whole is based upon those later days of the Roman empire, which, as is well known, were so full in horrible deeds of every description, and that the history of the time almost outstrips the boldest imagination. The character of the age forms so decidedly the background of the whole picture, that the piece thereby somewhat resembles the historical dramas, and, accordingly, ought to be viewed and examined by no other than the spirit of the age. When this is done it will be found that the tragic element, in this case, could not have been represented otherwise; and it may be asked, if horror does really exist in history, why should not the tragic element sometimes also assume this form?"

Questions on Titus Andronicus.

1. Give some account of early editions; of critical opinion as to date of composition.

2. What can you say regarding the source of the plot? Is the original story historical, or wholly fictitious?

3. Was Rome, at any time during the rule of the emperors seated there, at war with the Goths?

4. What time is covered by the play as represented on the stage?

ACT FIRST.

5. State the significance of the respective appeals of Saturninus and Bassianus in the opening speeches. What effect has the counsel of Marcus Andronicus upon the rival brothers?

6. What impression is here given of the character, services, and influence of Titus?

7. Does the mutual submission of the rivals to *the people's favour* bear the marks of sincerity and magnanimity?

8. Is the note of heroism strongly sounded in the first speech of Titus, *Hail, Rome*, etc.? In the closing lines do you feel pathos and tenderness? Are they dramatically effective? The first six lines are thought to be of Shakespearian quality: do you find them so?

9. Lucius demands *the proudest prisoner of the Goths* as a sacrifice to the shades of his brothers: does this illustrate Roman custom? Explain lines 100, 101.

10. Who is yielded by Titus for the sacrifice? Name the qualities shown in Tamora's remonstrance against the killing of her son. What is meant (line 130) by *irreligious piety*?

11. Does the speech of Demetrius, *Oppose not Scythia*, etc., exhibit a spirit much different from that of the proud Romans?

12. How does Lavinia's first speech commend her?

13. Does Titus show himself magnanimous in refusing *the empery*, or is he determined solely by the desire of *a staff of honour for* his *age, but not a sceptre to control the world*? Is

his self-denial—if that it be—mistaken in giving way to such a corrupt man as Saturninus? Might he not without blame have accepted the crown?

14. What is foreshadowed by the insolent behaviour of Saturninus in this scene with the tribunes?

15. How does Saturninus (238-240) offer to begin his advancement of the name and family of Titus?

16. Comment on the sort of loyalty which makes Titus completely surrender to Saturninus, even to supporting him in depriving Bassianus of his betrothed Lavinia. In this last action is Titus moved by ambition to have his daughter an empress, or is he, soldier-like, blindly obedient? Account for his want of moral vision in this matter, and for his ferocity in killing his rightly protesting son Mutius.

17. Failing to get Lavinia, whom does Saturninus quickly choose for his queen? What is Tamora's oath to him?

18. At this point how is the change of attitude on the part of Saturninus towards Titus foreshadowed?

19. How is the implacability of Titus shown at the burial of Mutius? Summarize the rest of the Scene.

20. Does Tamora yet begin to reveal her purpose of vengeance on the family of Titus? Is her hypocrisy transparent? In this procedure do you regard her or Saturninus as principal?

21. What political conditions does this Scene represent? Are they consistent with Roman history? Are they consistently presented here?

22. Do you observe such defects of versification—monotony, tameness, etc.—in the first Act as afford internal evidence against the authenticity of the play? See lines 117-119 and 141, 142, and say whether you attribute them to Shakespeare, and if so, why.

ACT SECOND.

23. Describe the self-revelation of Aaron upon his entrance. What is its foreshadowing of the plot?

24. What signifies the quarrel of Demetrius and Chiron and the intervention of Aaron?

25. In what other play are there passages similar to Sc. i., lines 82, 83? Mention two proverbs in lines closely following.

26. Is the cruel craftiness, the revolting villainy of Aaron in his suggestions to the brothers portrayed with Shakespeare's skill,

or must we here suppose another hand? Lines 1-6 of Sc. ii. are by some considered worthy of Shakespeare: do you recognize his manner here?

27. For what is this short Scene a dramatic preparation?

28. Lines 10-15 of Sc. iii. are much claimed for Shakespeare: what quality of his do you find in them?

29. Knight calls Tamora "the presiding genius of the piece": is her supremacy already felt? How is the plot advanced by this passage between her and Aaron?

30. What imports the dialogue following between Bassianus, Tamora, and Lavinia?

31. Do the wrongs of Tamora mitigate our detestation of her in the atrocities which she now assists to perpetrate?

32. What womanly traits come out most plainly here in Lavinia? Repeat some of her more striking words.

33. Measure the vindictiveness of Tamora by what she says in lines 187-189, and the diabolical ingenuity of Aaron by what directly follows. Which has the larger resources for compassing evil?

34. Titus has already shown weakness in his relations with Saturninus: comment on his display of it in kneeling to the emperor, who has wrongly accused his sons.

35. Is Titus capable of strength when away from his camp and involved in civil embroilments?

36. Is anything indicated as to the development of the plot by the long speech of Marcus in Sc. iv.?

ACT THIRD.

37. What contrast is presented at the opening of this Act between Titus and Lucius?

38. Does not Titus reach the extremity of weakness in continuing to plead with the tribunes, although he feels them to be *more hard than stones*?

39. Is the show of force on the part of Lucius any less futile at this point than the maunderings of his father?

40. Describe the emotional qualities exhibited after the entrance of Marcus and Lavinia.

41. Lines 82-86 and 91-97 of Sc. i. are pointed out as probably Shakespeare's: do you perceive anything which distinguishes them in manner or quality from their context?

42. Consider the dominant motive in Titus when he submits

to the loss of his hand: is it unmixed paternal solicitude? Who offer to make the sacrifice in his stead? Is the firmness of Titus at this moment heroic?

43. When does Titus first become fully aware of the injuries done to him by Chiron and Demetrius?

44. Does he show signs of being aroused to the real conditions after the emperor sends him the heads of his two sons along with the hand which he had cut off to ransom them?

45. What does Titus bid Lucius do in preparation for revenge, and what does Lucius say in response?

46. Compare this mood of Titus with the description given of him by his brother Marcus in the fourth Act (Sc. i., line 129): *But yet so just that he will not revenge.*

47. Does what we have seen of him warrant this estimate of Titus?

48. What is the purpose of Sc. ii. of the third Act? Does it contribute anything to the action?

49. Interpret the language and action of Titus and Marcus on the killing of a fly.

50. Why is the Boy introduced?

ACT FOURTH.

51. Explain the opening passage between Lavinia and the Boy.

52. What does Lavinia succeed in conveying by means of the book? By what device does she finally reveal the crime of Chiron and Demetrius against her?

53. If she was thus to make disclosure, what need for the author to have her hands chopped off and her tongue cut out? Is this a gratuitous heaping up of horror?

54. Titus appeals to the great ruler of the skies—*Magni Dominator poli*, etc.: from what Roman tragedy is this, with slight alteration, taken?

55. What is suggested by the dialogue just below, between Titus and the Boy?

56. Marcus had tried to calm Titus after his appeal to the ruler of the skies: what do you say of the appeal to the heavens wherewith Marcus himself closes Sc. i.?

57. What is foreshown of the approaching mental state of Titus by the works of Aaron in Sc. ii., line 3? What by the ironical astuteness of the Boy in his passage with Chiron and Demetrius?

58. Give the meaning of the celebrated lines (20, 21) from Horace, and the significance of their introduction here. How are they taken by Chiron, Aaron, and Demetrius? How does the brutal cynicism of these three affect us?

59. In this scene with the Nurse does not Aaron, the fiendish reveller in wickedness and cruelty, show something of human affection in protecting his offspring from the sons of Tamora? Is this a natural touch?

60. Does Aaron in this scene betray resentment against nature for his blackness, as Richard III. did for his deformity?

61. Does the metrical quality of Aaron's address to his child, at the end of Sc. ii., show the Shakespearian ear?

62. In Sc. iii. is the madness of Titus real or feigned? If real, is it partial or complete? What signify his laments and his insults to the emperor?

63. What does Sc. iv. show as to the effect of Titus's affronts? As to Tamora's influence with the emperor?

64. How could Titus treat the emperor so and not be put to death? Has news of the approach of Lucius with an army anything to do with this?

65. How does Tamora persuade Saturninus to temporize? What does she promise to undertake with Titus?

66. For what purpose does the Clown appear in Scs. iii. and iv.?

67. Lines 81-86 of the fourth Scene—do they seem to you, as to some critics they do, to be Shakespeare's? "There is not," says Swinburne, "a single passage in *Titus Andronicus* more Shakespearian than the magnificent quatrain [83-86] of Tamora upon the eagle and the little birds." Does your study confirm this?

ACT FIFTH.

68. According to Lucius, in the opening speech, how does the emperor stand with his people?

69. How does Lucius advise the great lords to take advantage of the situation?

70. How do the Goths acclaim and pledge themselves to Lucius?

71. Describe the taking of Aaron with the child.

72. What is meant in Sc. i., line 42?

73. Does Aaron show subtlety and address in making parley with Lucius, or does he simply present a compelling motive?

74. Characterize Aaron's cold-blooded recital of crimes. Do

you recall any parallel to his gloating over those atrocities, both on his own account and that of the empress? Must we not sympathize in the judgement of Lucius that hanging is too good for such a miscreant?

75. What is the errand of Æmilius? How does Lucius treat it?

76. Who come at the opening of Sc. ii. to visit Titus, and what is their mission? How does Titus receive them? His speech, lines 21-27, is among those regarded as Shakespearian in manner. Do you so regard it?

77. Do Tamora and her sons completely impose upon Titus in the parley, or does he see through their disguises? Is he hoodwinked into sending for Lucius? What means Tamora (line 139) by *our determined jest*? Is Titus self-poised when he says, *I know them all, though they suppose me mad*, etc.? Does he neatly trap Chiron and Demetrius at last?

78. When Titus cuts the throats of these two, is it in keeping with what has been seen of Lavinia that she should have nerve to hold *'tween her stumps* the basin to receive their blood?

79. Is the long speech of Titus which ends the Scene dramatically regular inasmuch as it recites what is already known to the spectator and announces deeds yet to be performed?

80. With what motive does Titus kill Lavinia?

81. Is Saturninus prepared to punish Chiron and Demetrius when (Sc. iii. 59) he asks to have them brought before him?

82. Does not Titus, by killing Tamora instantly upon telling her of the contents of the pie, balk his own dearest revenge? Why is Tamora not allowed to survive and suffer for a while from the horrible revelation?

83. This being the catastrophe, could anything have been fitly done other than to have Saturninus kill Titus, and Lucius in turn kill the emperor? Until this moment could it have been certain that the plot to frustrate Lucius might not succeed?

84. How do the political conditions at the end of the play accord with those shown at the beginning? Was there anything in the contemporary politics of states which might have influenced the writer or writers of the drama?

85. Is poetic justice, as well as political exigency, served in making Lucius emperor?

86. Do lines 160-168 of Sc. iii. appear to you, as to some commentators, to be in all probability Shakespeare's? What impression is here made by the reappearance of the Boy, the words spoken to him by Lucius, and the Boy's reply?

87. Is the character of Aaron rightly finished by causing him to persist stubbornly to the last in his malignancy?

88. Is anything gained in dramatic effect by reserving him for such a frightful death?

89. Lloyd finds that the Greek names of Chiron and Demetrius, as well as other features, give a Byzantine colour to the play, and he thinks that the plot may owe much to the story of Belisarius. Do you see anything suggestive in this?

90. Does the character of Aaron lead in your thoughts to reminiscences of Othello or Shylock? Is Aaron a character of unmingled ferocity? Is there in his devilishness an element of glee which makes him more diabolical than Iago or any other villain of Shakespeare's?

91. Swinburne says that *Titus Andronicus* has a "quality of exceptional monstrosity, a delight in the parade of mutilation as well as of massacre." Is not such a drama too revolting for the stage? If this play is, as Dowden says, "pre-Shakespearian in tone," is it also throughout sub-Shakespearian in quality? Could it have been the product even of Shakespeare's first attempt?

92. Baynes declares that *Titus Andronicus* in many features reflects the form of Roman tragedy. But in the old Roman tragedies horrors were usually related, not represented. Which is the better way?

93. Say what you think of critics who hold not only that Shakespeare did not write *Titus Andronicus*, but also that he would not have written on such a disgusting subject. Are there kindred scenes of horror in any of the undisputed Shakespearian plays; if so, are there differences of treatment whereby their effects are modified?

94. Fleay calls this "a stilted, disagreeable play, with a few fair touches." White thought that it might be the joint work of Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare. Hudson would gladly be rid of this "extremely distasteful" play altogether. Give your opinions on these points.

95. Hudson speaks of the power of an author "to distinguish rightly between the broad and vulgar ways of the horrible, and the high and subtile courses of tragic terror." Consider this apt saying in connection with the present play and others with which it may be profitably compared.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.



PERICLES: "How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?"

PERICLES *Act* V *Scene* 1

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Preface.

The Early Editions. *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, was first published, in quarto, in 1609, with the following title-page:—

"The late,| And much admired Play, | Called | Pericles, Prince | of Tyre. | With the true Relation of the whole Historie, | aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince: | As also, | The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, | in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter | MARIANA. | As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by | his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on | the Banckside. | By William Shakespeare. | Imprinted at London for *Henry Gosson*, and are | to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in | Paternoster row, &c. | 1609. | " *

A second quarto appeared in the same year: a third in 1611; a fourth in 1619; a fifth in 1630; a sixth in 1635.

These quarto editions are sufficient evidence for the popularity of the play; its omission from the First and Second Folios is all the more significant: it was reprinted, however, from the Sixth Quarto, in the Folios of 1664 and 1685, which included "seven plays never before printed in Folio," viz.: *Pericles, Prince of Tyre; The London Prodigal; The History of Thomas, Lord Cromwell; Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham; The Puritan Widow; A Yorkshire Tragedy; The Tragedy of Locrine.*

* This Quarto and the Second have been reproduced in facsimile in Dr. Furnivall's Quarto-Series.

The Authenticity of the Play. In dealing with the authorship of *Pericles* two facts must be borne in mind:—(i.) the verdict of the Editors of the First Folio in rejecting it from their volume: (ii.) the early allusions and early traditions which associate the play with Shakespeare's name; thus, in 1646, S. Shepherd wrote:—

> "*with Sophocles we may*
> *Compare great Shakespeare: Aristophanes*
> *Never like him his Fancy could display,*
> *Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles.*"

The writer of these lines must have been voicing the opinion of many enthusiastic spectators of "the much-admired play"; J. Tatham, however, uttered the views of the more critical faction, when in 1652 he quoted this censure:—

> "*Shakespeare, the Plebeian driller, was*
> *Foundered in's Pericles, and must not pass.*"

"*Pericles*" indeed seems to have become almost proverbial for a bad play successful in hitting the tastes of the masses.

> "*And if it prove so happy as to please,*
> *We'll say 'tis fortunate like Pericles*";

so wrote Robert Tailor, in the Prologue to "*The Hog hath lost his Pearl.*"

Ben Jonson in his Ode "*Come leaue the loathed stage*" (1629-30), singled out for special scorn

> "*some mouldy tale*
> *Like Pericles*";

while Owen Feltham reminded him frankly that certain portions of his own "*New Inn*"

> "*throw a stain*
> *Through all the unlikely plot, and do displease*
> *As deep as Pericles.*"

It must be observed that there is no reference in these latter quotations to Shakespeare's alleged authorship. Subsequently, Dryden accepted the play, while Pope rejected it, and the early editors down to the time of Malone followed his example; since the time of Steevens it has been included in the Canon, its doubtful character, however, being generally recognised. "I must acquit," wrote Steevens in opposition to Malone's views, "even the irregular and lawless Shakespeare of having constructed the fabric of the drama, though he has certainly bestowed some decoration on its parts. Yet even this decoration, like embroidery on a blanket, only serves by contrast to expose the meanness of the original materials." Happily modern criticism corroborates the judgment of the First Editors, condemns a great part of *Pericles* as altogether un-Shakespearian, and relieves the Poet of all the offensive and loathsome scenes of "the mouldy tale." Shakespeare's hand cannot be traced in the first two Acts, nor in the coarse portions of Act IV., viz. Scenes ii., v., and vi., his work is "the strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life of Marina," and is to be found in the last three acts of the play. Mr. Fleay has extracted the precious metal from the alloy, and the result is a charming Shakespearian Romance*—"a kind of prologue" to the glorious group of "Romances" belonging to the close of his literary career (*vide* Prefaces to *Cymbeline*, *Tempest*, *Winter's Tale*).

Date of Composition. The date inferred from the connection of the "Marina portion" of *Pericles* with the last plays of Shakespeare is borne out by external evidence, as well as by more minute internal considerations. The title-page of the first edition, the reference to it as "a new play" in a metrical pamphlet entitled *Pimlyco* published in 1609, the publication in 1608 of a novel based upon it "as lately represented," all point to *circa* 1607-8 as the date of Shakespeare's part: this view is strongly con-

* Published by the *New Shakespeare Society*, 1874.

firmed by metrical tests which make it contemporary with "*Antony and Cleopatra.*"

No scholar would now venture to support Dryden's statement in his Prologue to Davenant's *Circe*, 1675:—

> "*Shakespeare's own Muse her Pericles first bore,*
> *The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor;*
> *'Tis miracle to see a first good play;*
> *All Hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.*"

George Wilkins and Pericles. It is possible to differentiate no less than three styles in the play of *Pericles*. Shakespeare's share has already been assigned to him: in all probability Act IV. Sc. v. and vi. are not by the author of the first two Acts and the short line chorus. The author of the latter portion was certainly George Wilkins, who in 1608 brought out a novel, "being the true history of the play, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, John Gower"; he lays claim to the play as 'poor infant of his brain,' and his claim is justifiable (*vide* Delius, *Preface to Pericles,* and especially Mr. Fleay's valuable essay on "Pericles," read before the *New Shakespeare Society,* 1874).

The third author may have been W. Rowley, who was joined with Wilkins and John Day in writing "*The Travels of the three English Brothers*," etc.; this point is, however, a matter of conjecture, and the evidence is not altogether convincing.

Sources of the Plot. The direct sources of *Pericles* were Laurence Twine's *Patterne of Paineful Adventures*, published in 1576, and Gower's collection of metrical tales called "*Confessio Amantis*"; both these works were consulted for the famous story of *Apollonius of Tyre*. Gower was indebted for his tale to Godfrey of Viterbo's *Pantheon*, a Latin work of the 12th century; Twine probably reprinted an earlier 16th century version, derived from a French source. The story was among the most widespread stories of the Middle Ages; its original was

probably in Greek; the earliest allusion to the Latin version belongs to the middle of the 8th century. A West-Saxon translation was made in the 11th century (*cp.* Ward's *Catalogue of Romances in the British Museum;* P. Z. Round's *Preface to Quarto Facsimile;* Dunlop's *History of Fiction;* Prof. A. H. Smyth's *Shakespeare's Pericles and Apollonius of Tyre,* etc.).

The name "*Pericles*" in place of "*Apollonius*" may have been derived from Sidney's *Arcadia.*

Duration of Action. The action of the play covers a period of from fifteen to sixteen years, of which fourteen days are represented on the stage: the chief intervals are accounted for in the Choruses:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 2, Act I. Sc. ii., iii. *Interval. Day* 3, Act I. Sc. iv. *Interval, 2nd Chorus. Day* 4, Act II. Sc. i. *Day* 5, Act II. Sc. ii., iii., iv. *Day* 6, Act II. Sc. v. *Interval, 3rd Chorus. Day* 7, Act III. Sc. i. *Day* 8, Act III. Sc. ii. *Interval. Day* 9, Act III. Sc. iii., iv. *Interval,* 14 *years, 4th Chorus. Day* 10, Act IV. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 11, Act IV. Sc. ii., iii. *Interval, 5th Chorus* (Act IV. Sc. iv.). *Day* 12, Act IV. Sc. v., vi. *Interval, 6th Chorus. Day* 13, Act V. Sc. i. *Interval, 7th Chorus* (Act V. Sc. ii.). *Day* 14, Act V. Sc. iii. (*cp.* Daniel's "*Time-Analysis of Shakespeare's Plays*").

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Antiochus, King of Antioch, in order to keep his daughter unmarried, for a shameful purpose, subjects to the penalty of death all her suitors who do not succeed in solving a certain riddle. After many have perished in the endeavour to win the beautiful but wicked princess, Pericles, Prince of Tyre, expounds the riddle, which carries with it the story of Antiochus's sin. To prevent the divulging of the secret, the monarch seeks to have Pericles put to death. The latter flees to his own kingdom, and being unable to make head against Antiochus's wrath, soon continues his flight into other lands. He touches at Tarsus, where his provisioned ships bring relief to that famine-stricken city.

II. Pericles is afterwards driven by a storm on the shore of Pentapolis, and suffers a shipwreck, which he alone survives. Hearing that Simonides, the king of the country, is giving a tournament in honour of his daughter Thaisa, he goes to the court, engages in the exercises and creates so favourable an impression that though he is poor and unknown, the princess chooses him for her husband, and the king ratifies the nuptials.

III. Several months later, word reaches Pericles that his ancient enemy Antiochus is dead; also that his presence is needed to maintain his crown at Tyre. He reveals his identity to his wife and royal father-in-law, and embarks with Thaisa for his own country. A storm arises,

and in the height of its fury Thaisa is delivered of a daughter, who is named Marina because she was born at sea. The mother swoons and is supposed to be dead. The sailors insist that she be speedily cast into the sea in accordance with their superstition that this alone would allay the tempest. She is therefore placed in a box by her grief-stricken husband and consigned to the deep. The box is cast ashore at Ephesus, where those who open it find the lady still alive. Upon recovering strength she becomes a priestess of Diana. Meanwhile Pericles entrusts the infant Marina to Cleon, the governor of Tarsus and his wife, to be reared by them, and then the Prince proceeds on his way to Tyre.

IV. For fourteen years Marina lives with her guardians at Tarsus, developing into a maiden whose beauty and accomplishments overshadow those of their own daughter. Cleon's jealous wife endeavours to have Marina murdered, but she is seized by pirates and conveyed to Mytilene. Here she falls into evil hands, but succeeds in preserving her innocence. In the meantime Pericles visits Tarsus and is given to understand that his daughter is dead.

V. Overcome with sorrow at the loss of both wife and daughter, Pericles sets sail again for Tyre, but is driven before the winds to Mytilene, where Lysimachus, the governor, pays him a visit on shipboard, but finds him unresponsive and listless. To cheer him, the governor sends for Marina, who had become noted for singing and dancing. She is recognized by her delighted father; and the cup of his happiness is filled to the brim when, shortly afterwards, while on a pilgrimage to Diana's shrine at Ephesus, he is reunited to his long-lost wife Thaisa. He gives his daughter's hand to Lysimachus; while the false Cleon and his wife perish at the hands of incensed citizens of Tarsus.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Marina.

Marina, in Shakespeare's hands, is a glorified being, who is scarcely grown up before her charm and rare qualities rouse envy and hatred. We first see her strewing flowers on a grave, and immediately after this we listen to her attempt to disarm the man who has undertaken to murder her. She proves herself as innocent as the Queen Dagmar of the ancient ballad. She "never spake bad word nor did ill turn to any living creature." She never killed a mouse or hurt a fly; once she trod upon a worm against her will and wept for it. No human creature could be cast in gentler mould, and truth and nobility unite with this mildness to shed, as it were, a halo round her.

When, after rebuffing and rejecting her, Pericles has gradually softened towards Marina, he asks her where she was born and who provided the rich raiment she is wearing. She replies that if she were to tell the story of her life none would believe her, and she prefers to remain silent. Pericles urges her:—

> "Prithee, speak:
> Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
> Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
> For the crowned Truth to dwell in; I will believe thee.
>
> Tell thy story;
> If thine considered prove the thousandth part
> Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
> Have suffered like a girl: yet thou dost look
> Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
> Extremity out of act."

All this rich imagery brings Marina before us with the nobility of character which is so fitly expressed in her outward seeming. It is Pericles himself who feels like a buried prince, and it is he who has need of her patient

sympathy, that the violence of his grief may be softened by her smile. It is all very dramatically effective. The old Greek tragedies frequently relied on these scenes of recovery and recognition, and they never failed to produce their effect. The dialogue here is softly subdued, it is no painting in strong burning colours that we are shown, but a delicately blended pastel. In order to gain an insight into Shakespeare's humour at the time *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* were written, the reader was asked to think of a day on which he felt especially well and strong and sensible that all his bodily organs were in a healthy condition—one of those days in which there is a festive feeling in the sunshine, a gentle caress in the air.

To enter into his mood in a similar manner now you would need to recall some day of convalescence, when health is just returning after a long and severe illness. You are still so weak that you shrink from any exertion, and, though no longer ill, you are as yet far from being well; your walk is unsteady, and the grasp of your hand is weak. But the senses are keener than usual, and in little much is seen; one gleam of sunshine in the room has more power to cheer and enliven than a whole landscape bathed in sunshine at another time. The twitter of a bird in the garden, just a few chirps, has more meaning than a whole chorus of nightingales by moonlight at other moments. A single pink in a glass gives as much pleasure as a whole conservatory of exotic plants. You are grateful for a trifle, touched by friendliness, and easily moved to admiration. He who has but just returned to life has an appreciative spirit.

As Shakespeare, with the greater susceptibility of genius, was more keenly alive to the joyousness of youth, so more intensely than others he felt the quiet, half-sad pleasures of convalescence.

Wishing to accentuate the sublime innocence of Marina's nature, he submits it to the grimmest test, and gives it the blackest foil one could well imagine. The gently nurtured girl is sold by pirates to a brothel, and the de-

lineation of the inmates of the house, and Marina's bearing towards them and their customers, occupies the greater part of the fourth act.

As we have already said, we can see no reason why Fleay should reject these scenes as non-Shakespearian. When this critic (whose reputation has suffered by his arbitrariness and inconsistency) does not venture to ascribe them to Wilkins, and yet will not admit them to be Shakespeare's, he is in reality pandering to the narrow-mindedness of the clergyman, who insists that any art which is to be recognised shall only be allowed to overstep the bounds of propriety in a humorously jocose manner. These scenes, so bluntly true to nature in the vile picture they set before us, are limned in just that Caravaggio colouring which distinguished Shakespeare's work during the period which is now about to close. Marina's utterances, the best he has put into her mouth, are animated by a sublimity which recalls Jesus' answers to his persecutors. Finally, the whole *personnel* is exactly that of *Measure for Measure*, whose genuineness no one has ever disputed. There is also an occasional resemblance of situation. Isabella, in her robes of spotless purity, offers precisely the same contrast to the world of pimps and panders who riot through the play that Marina does here to the woman of the brothel and her servants.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Pericles.

Not alone our desires, but somewhat also of our experience, is gratified when justice that is poetic, but not therefore utterly unreal, is fulfilled in the fate of Pericles. His original difficulties spring from his suit to the daughter of Antiochus, a suit unblessed by any better passion than deceptive beauty stimulates, and the politic desire to furnish his realm with an heir. His error, for by the standard

of Shakespeare's moral feeling so it must stand, is recognized soon, but not so as to evade all its consequences; hence his exile and wanderings and vicissitudes; prudence and noble sensibility, and patience when fortune admits no better, help and preserve him, and weariness and melancholy are roused at last to renewed enjoyment of affection and prosperity.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Shakespeare's Share in this Drama.

With all the extraordinary power of single scenes, the "Marina" has not, as it stands, any more than the *Pericles* story as a whole, the dramatic substance, the backbone, of Shakespeare's most "romantic" plots. It is like *The Winter's Tale* divested of the tragedy of Hermione. The most critical moment of Marina's career, that in which she turns the governor of Mytilene from his evil purpose, can hardly have appealed to Shakespeare, with its Spenserian breadth and simplicity, as proper for the central situation of a drama. And the earlier crisis, in which Dionyza plots her death, is treated with a marked subordination of dramatic to epic effect. We are hardly made aware of Dionyza's jealousy, when we find her putting the last touches to the murderer's instructions:—

> Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't:
> 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known (IV. i. 1, 2).

And the raptures of the final reunion are made poignant by no mingling of remorse. Blameless sufferers embrace, but no Leontes, no Alonso, no Iachimo, Posthumus, or Cymbeline looks on. The real criminals are in the conclusion simply ignored. Neither the vengeance which Pericles proposed to inflict, nor the "nobler virtue" of pardon which his later counterparts bestow, gives dramatic significance to their fate: but they fall by a popular

uprising, and this last act of their story is huddled away in an Epilogue. The so-called "Marina" is an assemblage of striking parallels to the Romances, but is not, as a whole, a parallel.

And a great part even of the "Marina" itself is only intermittently of clear Shakespearean quality. It would be rash to say that the Mytilene-scenes in the fourth Act are too repulsive for him to have written; certainly the loathsome figures of Boult and his crew are drawn with a drastic vigour of which there is hardly a trace in the first two acts. But powerful realism of this kind was within the compass of many a Jacobean dramatist, when he could draw direct from the low life of daily experience. It is where his common experience fails him, that the common dramatist betrays himself. Certainly such phenomena as the conversion of Lysimachus and Boult must have been as startling in London as in Ephesus; and it is at this point that the writer of the Mytilene-scenes discloses his psychological ineptitude. We may perhaps recognize Shakespeare in Marina's virginal protest, but its instantaneous effect upon hardened men must be attributed to a hand less subtle or more perfunctory than his. Similarly, the majority of the "choruses" in Acts IV. and V., while differing in measure and in style from those of I. and II., show only here and there a Shakespearean touch. The Gower of I. and II. speaks in rude octosyllabic verse like his own, sprinkled with antique forms. In IV. and V. he archaises no more and cultivates the five-foot measure, the ornate phrase, and the interwoven rhymes of the Elizabethan sonneteer. And the opening "chorus" of Act V., otherwise clumsy enough, contains, in its description of Marina's dainty feminine craft, a little vignette full of Shakespearean flavour.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

What was more natural than that young Shakspeare, in his first dramatic attempts, should have followed the method of the best models of his day, and worked in their

style? In the present case, it was obviously R. Greene's style that he imitated. Like all the plays of this writer, *Pericles* also is not so much a drama as a dramatised narrative; in language, composition, and characterisation, it is thoroughly epic in colouring, and therefore, generally speaking, it is clogged with the same faults as are met with in Greene. And yet Shakspeare surpasses, and doubtless even in his original form, surpassed, his model in many respects. The characters, although wanting in roundness, and more sketches than fully-coloured figures, are nevertheless more powerfully delineated and reveal more of their inner life than those of Greene's best pieces. The composition, also, although externally thoroughly epic, is nevertheless internally held together by the thread of one thought. All the principal parts of the play reflect, either directly or indirectly (by contrast), the same view of life as spent in the search after, and in the acquisition, the loss and the recovery of its highest gift—pure, genuine love. The fault of the play is that it is more epic than dramatic, for which reason the action, in place of being condensed, hangs loosely together and is flat and diffuse. Even the language and versification, in so far as their original colouring can be conjectured, show, I think, some resemblance to R. Greene's style, except that naturally, in this respect also, Greene was probably as much surpassed in his own style by the superior poetical genius of Shakspeare, as Marlowe was surpassed by *Titus Adronicus*, which was composed after his fashion. But, in my opinion, it is more especially the comic parts (for instance, the scenes among the fishermen, and between Boult and his mistress, etc.) that show such great resemblance to passages in *The Comedy of Errors*, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Henry VI.* (Jack Cade, etc.), and *Romeo and Juliet* (the disputes of the servants), that not only do they quite eclipse all the comic parts in Greene's dramas, but must necessarily have been written by Shakspeare, and moreover by Shakspeare as a young, not as an older man.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

The drama as a whole is singularly undramatic. It entirely lacks unity of action, and the prominent figures of the opening scenes quickly drop out of the play. A main part of the story is briefly told in rhymed verse by the presenter, Gower, or is set forth in dumb show. But Shakspere's part is one and indivisible. It opens on shipboard with a tempest, and in Shakspere's later play of storm and wreck he has not attempted to rival the earlier treatment of the subject. "No poetry of shipwreck and the sea," a living poet writes, "has ever equalled the great scene of *Pericles*; no such note of music was ever struck out of the clash and contention of tempestuous elements." Milton, when writing *Lycidas* the elegy upon his drowned friend, remembered this scene, and one line in particular: "And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse." To this rage of storm succeeds the hush of Cerimon's studious chamber, in which the wife of Pericles, tossed ashore by the waves, wakens wonderingly from her trance to the sound of melancholy music. Cerimon, who is master of the secrets of nature, who is liberal in his "learned charity," who held it ever

> "Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
> Than nobleness and riches,"

is like a first study for Prospero. In the fourth act, Marina, so named from her birth at sea, has grown to the age of fourteen years, and is, as it were, a sister of Miranda and Perdita (note in each case the significant name). She, like Perdita, is a child lost by her parents, and, like Perdita, we see her flower-like with her flowers—only these flowers of Marina are not for a merrymaking, but a grave. The melancholy of Pericles is a clear-obscure of sadness, not a gloom of cloudy remorse like that of Leontes. His meeting with his lost Marina is like an anticipation of the scene in which Cymbeline recovers his sons and daughter.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere Primer.*

The play consists of verse scenes, prose scenes, and the Gower chorus. Considering at present only the first of these three parts, we shall find so marked a difference between the first two, and last three, acts, as to render it astonishing that they could ever have been supposed to be the work of one author.

COMPARATIVE TABLE.

	Acts I., II.	Acts III., IV., V.
Total No. of lines	835	827
No. of rhyme lines	195	14
No. of double endings	72	106
No. of Alexandrines	5	13
No. of short lines	71	98
No. of rhymes not dialogue	8	16

The differences in the other items are striking, and of themselves conclusive; but the difference of the numbers of rhymes, the proportion being 14 in the one part to 1 in the other, is such as the most careless critic ought to have long since noticed. With regard to this main question, then, there can be no doubt: the three last acts alone can be Shakespeare's; the other part is by some one of a very different school. But we have minor questions of some interest to settle. The first of these is, Who wrote the scenes in the brothel, Act IV. Sc. ii. v. vi.? I say decidedly, not Shakespeare; for these reasons: These scenes are totally unlike Shakespeare's in feeling on such matters. He would not have indulged in the morbid anatomy of such loathsome characters; he would have covered the ulcerous sores with a film of humour, if it were a necessary part of his moral surgery to treat them at all; and, above all, he would not have married Marina to a man whose acquaintance she had first made in a public brothel, to which *his* motives of resort were not recommendatory, however involuntary *her* sojourn there may have been. A still stronger argument is the omission of any allusion in the after-scenes to these three. In one place, indeed, there seems to be a contradiction of them.

The after-account of Marina, which is amply sufficient without the prose scenes for dramatic purposes, is given thus:—

> "We haue a *maid* in Metiline . . .
> She *with her fellow maides* [is] now upon
> The leauie shelter that abutts against
> The Islands side."—Act V. Sc. i.

I cannot reconcile this with—

> "Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sowe, and dance,
> And [I] will undertake all these to teach."—Act IV. Sc. vi.

nor with—

> "Pupils lacks she none of nobler race,
> Who pour their bounty on her: and her gain
> *She gives the cursed Bawd*."—Act. V., *Gower*.

But if these scenes are not Shakespeare's (and repeated examination only strengthens my conviction that they are not), the clumsy Gower chorus is not his either. And this brings us to the only hypothesis that explains all the difficulties of this play. The usual hypothesis has been that Shakespeare finished a play begun by some one else: that is, that he deliberately chose a story of incest, which, having no tragic horror in it, would have been rejected by Ford or Massinger, and grafted on to this a filthy story, which, being void of humour, would even have been rejected by Fletcher. This arises from the fallacy which I noted in a previous paper, caused by the inveterate habit of beginning criticism from the first pages of a book, instead of from the easiest and most central standpoint. The theory which I propose as certain is this: Shakespeare wrote the story of Marina, in the last three acts, minus the prose scenes and the Gower. This gives a perfect artistic and organic whole, and, in my opinion, ought to be printed as such in every edition of Shakespeare: the whole play, as it stands, might be printed in collections for the curious, and there only. But this story was not

enough for filling the necessary five acts from which Shakespeare never deviated; he therefore left it unfinished, and used the arrangement of much of the latter part in the end of *Winter's Tale*, which should be carefully compared with this play. The unfinished play was put into the hands of another of the "poets" attached to the same theatre, and the greater part of the present play was the result; this poet having used the whole story as given by Gower and elsewhere.

FLEAY: *Shakespeare Manual.*

V.

Construction.

The play is awkwardly and unskilfully constructed, being on the plan of the old legendary drama, when it was thought sufficient to put some popular narrative into action, with little attempt at a condensed and sustained continuous interest in the plot or its personages. It rambles along through the period of two generations, without any attempt at the artist-like management of a similar duration in *The Winter's Tale*, by breaking up the story into parts, and making the one a natural sequel to the other, so as to keep up a uniform continuity of interest throughout both. The story itself is extravagant, and its dénouement is caused by the aid of the heathen mythology, which every mind trained under modern associations and habits of thought feels as repugnant to dramatic truth, and at once refuses to lend to it that transient conventional belief so necessary to any degree of illusion or interest, and so readily given to shadowy superstitions of other kinds, as ghosts, witches, and fairies, more akin to our general opinions, or more familiar to our childhood. A still greater defect than this is one rare indeed in anything from Shakespeare's mind—the vagueness and meagreness of the characters, undistinguished by any of that portrait-like individuality which gives life and reality to the humblest per-

sonages of his scene. Thence, in spite of the excellence of particular parts, there results a general feebleness of effect in the whole. The versification is, in general, singularly halting and uncouth, and the style is sometimes creeping and sometimes extravagant. . . .

Yet, on the other hand, it contains much to please, to surprise, to affect, and to delight. The introduction of old Gower, linking together the broken action by his antiquated legendary narrative, is original and pleasing.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

A play which has such various and frequently shifting scenes as *Pericles* must always be read to a certain degree of disadvantage beyond the fortune of others of less diversified stage accident. These changes furnish a source of fatigue and refreshment to the spectator, which an experienced dramatist knows how to manage and control, and makes the most of by corrections which are lost or go counter in the closet. Even a reader who is also a play-goer finds much difficulty in saving these effects, and they slip from others entirely. Taking, however, as well as one may, the point of view of the parterre, I confess I find much to admire in the skill with which the play of *Pericles* is constructed and put together. Whether we take the outline of the story in the form of argument, or read it in the verses that furnished it to the play-writer, we may be honestly struck with the ingenuity that could group, divide and connect it for dramatic purposes, with the requisite clearness and facility that are successfully attained. The story rambles dispersedly in various countries and by sea and land, and the incidents are of every degree of importance and insignificance; but the stages of the story as enacted are cleverly made to correspond with the relief of the divisions of the acts. Old Gower interposes in each case, like the guard and sign and bound of the compartment, and his narrative both bridges intervals and renders them defined, while the dumb show that he interprets is an intermediate term of the narrated and the enacted.

. . . All through the piece we encounter from time to time reminiscences of other Shakespearian works—reminiscences, or it may be anticipations, but I think most frequently the former.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

The drama before us contains no discrimination of manners (except in the comic dialogues), very few traces of original thought, and is evidently destitute of that intelligence and useful knowledge that pervade even the meanest of Shakespeare's undisputed performances. To speak more plainly, it is neither enriched by the gems that sparkle through the rubbish of *Love's Labour's Lost*, nor the good sense which so often fertilizes the barren fable of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. . . . That the plays of Shakespeare have their inequalities likewise, is sufficiently understood; but they are still the inequalities of Shakespeare. He may occasionally be absurd, but is seldom foolish; he may be censured, but can rarely be despised.

I do not recollect a single plot of Shakespeare's formation (or even adoption from preceding plays or novels) in which the majority of the characters are not so well connected, and so necessary in respect of each other, that they proceed in combination to the end of the story; unless the story (as in the cases of Antigonus and Mercutio) requires the interposition of death. In *Pericles* this continuity is wanting, and even with the aid of Gower the scenes are rather loosely tacked together than closely interwoven. STEEVENS.

Respecting the dramatic merits of *Pericles* there is not much to be said. It is emphatically, not to say exclusively, a play of incidents, with but little of clear and pointed characterization. It has indeed a goodly number of superb strains of poetry; but these for the most part are introduced in such a way as to render it evident that the germs of them were not in the original conception of the

characters: they strike us rather as choice pearls held together mechanically by a string, than as the organic adornings of nature, growing forth from an innate virtue, and so cohering in a common centre or principle of life.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

However wild and extravagant the fable of *Pericles* may appear, if we consider its numerous choruses, its pageantry, and dumb shows, its continual succession of incidents, and the great length of time which they occupy, yet is it, we may venture to assert, the most spirited and pleasing specimen of the nature and fabric of our earliest romantic drama which we possess, and the more valuable, as it is the only one with which Shakspeare has favoured us.

DRAKE: *Shakspeare and his Times.*

Hard is the task, in this discerning age,
To find new subjects that will bear the stage;
And bold our bards, their low harsh strains to bring
Where Avon's swan has long been heard to sing;
Blest parent of our scene! whose matchless wit,
Tho' yearly reap'd, is our best harvest yet.
Well may that genius every heart command,
Who drew all Nature with her own strong hand;
As various, as harmonious, fair and great,
With the same vigour and immortal heat;
As thro' each element and form she shines:
We view heav'n's hand-maid in her Shakespeare's lines.
Though some mean scenes, injurious to his fame,
Have long usurp'd the honour of his name;
To glean and clear from chaff his least remains,
Is just to him, and richly worth our pains,
We dare not charge the whole unequal play
Of Pericles on him; yet let us say,
As gold tho' mix'd with baser metal shines,
So do his bright inimitable lines
Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd stand
And shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand.

G. LILLO: *Prologue to Marina.**

* An adaptation of *Pericles*, 1738.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ANTIOCHUS, *king of Antioch.*
PERICLES, *prince of Tyre.*
HELICANUS, } *two lords of Tyre.*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *king of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, *governor of Tarsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mytilene.*
CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus.*
THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch.*
PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon.*
LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza.*
Marshal.
A Pandar.
BOULT, *his servant.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*
THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*
MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina.*
A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

SCENE: *Dispersedly in various countries.*

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

ACT FIRST.

Enter Gower.

Before the palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times
When wit 's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like taper-light.
This Antioch then Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria:
I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died, and left a female heir,

So buxom, blithe, and full of face
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die.
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Antioch. A room in the palace.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles and followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;

At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter Antiochus' Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods that made me man and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That without covering, save yon field of stars,

Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life 's but breath, to trust it error.
I 'll make my will then, and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did,
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you. [*To the Princess.*
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice: read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the riddle.

'I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:

He 's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.'
[*Aside*] Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he 's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You are a fair viol and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods, to hearken,
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that 's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expired:
Either expound now or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He 's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law 's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! He has found the meaning:
But I will gloze with him.—Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you 're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,

Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die:
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highness call?
Ant. Thaliard,
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;

We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*

Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot
From a well experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'

Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thal.*] Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Tyre. A room in the palace.

Enter Pericles.

Per. [*To Lords without*] Let none disturb us. Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
And so with me: the great Antiochus,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he 's so great can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He 'll stop the course by which it might be known:
With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who am no more but as the tops of trees
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter Helicanus, with other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading 's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus,
thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*Kneeling*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise: sit down: thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,

What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he 'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him:
When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,

Who now reprovest me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now I do see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he 's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes, with other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission left in trust with me
Doth speak sufficiently he 's gone to travel.

Thal. [*Aside*] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I 'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [*Aside*] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he 'ld correct himself;

So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*Aside*] Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now, although I would; but since he 's gone, the king's seas must please: he 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea. I 'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon the Governor of Tarsus, with Dionyza and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they 're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I 'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

Dio. I 'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at:
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, who but of late earth, sea and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise;

Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where 's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already,

And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.

Lord. That 's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground 's the lowest, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes and whence he comes
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we 'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love
And harbourage for ourself, our ships and men.
Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we 'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I 'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

DUMB SHOW.

Enter, at one door, Pericles, talking with Cleon; all the train with them. Enter, at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shows the letter to Cleon; gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there 's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below
Make such unquiet that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.

Enter Pericles, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he 'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch!

Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away the nets!

First Fish. What, Patchbreech, I say!

Third Fish. What say you, master?

First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I 'll fetch thee with a wanion.

Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they 're half fish, half flesh: a plague on

them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside*] A pretty moral.

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*Aside*] Simonides!

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what 's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here 's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practised it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here 's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid 't! And I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we 'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I 'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I 'll go draw up the net. [*Exit with Third Fisherman.*

Per. [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

First Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are? 100

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I 'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and 110 I 'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here 's a fish hangs in 120

the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death':—and pointed to this brace—
'For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—may defend thee.'
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again:
I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now 's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir!

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you 'ld guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune 's better,
I 'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give thee good on 't!

Sec Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe 't, I will.
By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea
This jewel holds his building on my arm:
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We 'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I 'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, etc.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege,
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat

For men to see and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.

Sim. It 's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to entertain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun;
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.
[*The Second Knight passes.*
Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that 's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, 'Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.' [*The Third Knight passes.*

Sim. And what 's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, 'Me pompæ provexit apex.'
[*The Fourth Knight passes.*

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that 's turned upside down;
The word, ' Quod me alit, me extinguit.'

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.
[*The Fifth Knight passes.*

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that 's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, ' Sic spectanda fides.'
[*The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes.*

Sim. And what 's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that 's only green at top;
The motto, ' In hac spe vivo.'

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we will withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts within, and all cry* ' The mean knight! '

Scene III.

The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you 're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.
[*Aside*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat.—Sure he 's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He 's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. [*Aside*] To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. [*Aside*] Yon king 's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son 's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men;
He 's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that 's stored unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile:
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it to me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

Thai. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.
[*The Knights dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir,
Here 's a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that 's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy.
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*
Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
[*To Pericles*] But you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

And that 's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

Third Lord. And cursed be he that will not second it.

First Lord. Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you love.

First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there;
And be resolved he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give 's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election.

Sec. Lord. Whose death 's indeed the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;

Whom if you find and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield;
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we 'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a letter, at one door: the Knights meet him.

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she 'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from her by no means can I get.

Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
Tied her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd, 11
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

Third Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt Knights.*

Sim. So,
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well: nay, how absolute she 's in 't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask you one thing: what do you think of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.
Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.
Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. [*Aside*] What 's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he 's honour's enemy.

Sim. No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[*Aside*] I am glad on 't with all my heart.—
I 'll tame you; I 'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be ruled by me, or I 'll make you—
Man and wife:
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too
And being join'd, I 'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, if 't please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep y-slaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,

E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What 's dumb in show I 'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter: Pericles shows it Simonides; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter Thaisa with child, with Lychorida, a nurse: the King shows her the letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart with Lychorida and their Attendants. Then exeunt Simonides and the rest.

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles

Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
'Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire—
Which who shall cross?—along to go.
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea: their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grisled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Enter Pericles, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails! Now, Lychorida!

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here 's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,

And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That 's your superstition.

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been

still observed; and we are strong in custom.
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
[*Exit Lychorida.*

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I 'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:
I 'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.
Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this
Till now, I ne'er endured.
Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There 's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [*To Philemon*] Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.
[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow.
Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
First Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.
Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never. . . .

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

First Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What 's that?

First Serv. Sir,
Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore
This chest: 'tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let 's look upon 't.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed! Did the sea cast it up?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open:
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!

First Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balmed and entreasured
With full bags of spices! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!
[*Reads from a scroll.*
'Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!'
If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-night.

Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.
[*Exit a servant.*
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!
The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced
Above five hours: see how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds
Of a most praised water do appear
To make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where 's my lord? What world is this?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?

First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*

Scene III.

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, and Lychorida with Marina in her arms.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone:
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect

Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We 'll bring your grace e'en to the edge, o' the shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that 's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there as a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage rite; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be 't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound

By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.

Enter Dionyza with Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death. Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Do not consume your blood with sorrowing:
You have a nurse of me. Lord, how your favour 's
Changed with this unprofitable woe!

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I 'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father and yourself
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.

[*Exit Dionyza.*

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch. [*He seizes her.*

Enter Pirates.

First Pirate. Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away.*

Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!

Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.
Come let 's have her aboard suddenly.
[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*

Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
There 's no hope she will return. I 'll swear she 's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I 'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

Mytilene. A room in a brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Boult!

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let 's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they 're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I 'll go search the market. [*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it 's no calling. But her comes Boult.

Re-enter Boult, with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. [*To Marina*] Come your ways. My masters, you say she 's a virgin?

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there 's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What 's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity: and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well: you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you 're

a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boult's returned.

Re-enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you 'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I 'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you,
will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon!

Dion. I think
You 'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I 'ld give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too: 10
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I 'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,

Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The pretty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,

Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Tarsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't;
Making, to take our imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Helicanus goes along; behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought:
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter Pericles at one door, with all his train; Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb; whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt Cleon, Dionyza, and the rest.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershower'd,
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*

'The fairest, sweet'st and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she 'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

No visor does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.

Let Pericles believe his daughter 's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilene. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Mytilene. A street before the brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent. I 'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she 's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment and

do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she 'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there 's no way to be rid on 't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [*Exit Boult.*

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter Boult with Marina.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I 'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [*To Marina*] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed: but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she 's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come,

we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways. [*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.*

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How 's this? how 's this? Some more; be sage.
Mar. For me
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!
Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!
Mar. The good gods preserve you!
Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here 's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter Boult.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.
Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,

Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

Boult. How 's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We 'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what 's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She 's born to undo us. Will you not go

the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned door-keeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here 's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there 's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I 'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;

Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.

[*Exit.*

Scene I.

On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them Helicanus.

Tyr. Sail. [*To the Sailor of Mytilene*] Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.
O, here he is.
Sir, there is a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter from thence, Lysimachus, and Lords; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [*Pericles discovered*] This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

First Lord. Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side. [*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus.*

Hel. Sure, all 's effectless; yet nothing we 'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy

Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with Marina, and a young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!—
Is 't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She 's a gallant lady.

Lys. She 's such a one, that, were I well assured
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I 'ld wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous! [*Marina sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. [*Aside*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'

Per. My fortune—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight,
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look

Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends? 140
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I 'll cease.

Per. Nay, I 'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power, 150
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born, 160
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft

Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter 's buried.—Well: where were you bred?
I 'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?
It may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep.

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell

Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees; thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

Per. I
Am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus:
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess. Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,

Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None! 230
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. My lord, I hear.
[*Music.*

Per. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*

Lys. A pillow for his head:
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I 'll well remember you. 240
[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

Diana appears to Pericles in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's call,
And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

Re-enter Helicanus, Lysimachus, and Marina.

Hel. Sir?

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I 'll tell thee why.
[*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir,
With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter Gower before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What minstrelsy and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilene,
To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they 're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful doom. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The temple of Diana at Ephesus; Thaisa standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter Pericles, with his train; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore

Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*Faints.*

Per. What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady. O, she 's but overjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.
[*Shows a ring.*

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to Thaisa.*

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power: that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I 'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We 'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead 's the way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,

Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
[*Exit.*

Glossary.

Absolute, faultless, perfect; Prol. IV. 31.

Account, accounted (Quartos, "*account'd,*" "*accounted*"; Folios 3, 4, "*counted*"); Prol. I. 30.

Address'd, prepared; II. iii. 94.

Afore me, on my word, by my soul; a slight oath; II. i. 84.

Amazement, confusion, bewilderment; I. ii. 26.

Appliance, appliances; III. ii. 86.

Approve, commend; II. i. 55.

Argentine, silver hued; V. i. 251.

As, as if; Prol. I. 24; I. i. 16.

——, that; I. ii. 3.

Attend, await; I. iv. 79.

Attend me, listen to me; I. ii. 70.

Attribute; "an honest a.," reputation for honesty; IV. iii. 18.

Avaunt, out of my sight; IV. vi. 125.

Awful, full of awe; reverent; Prol. II. 4.

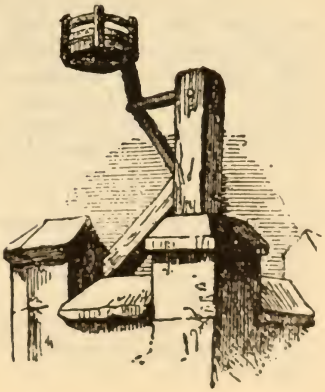
Awkward, adverse (Quarto 1, "*augward*"); V. i. 94.

Bases, embroidered skirts hung down from the middle to about the knees or lower,



worn by knights on horseback; II i. 167. (The annexed cut is from the Description of the Tournament held at Stuttgart in 1609.)

Beacon; I. iv. 87. The subjoined cut represents a beacon preserved on the tower of Hadley Church, Barnet.



Beholding, beholden; II. v. 25.

Belching, vomiting; III. i. 63.

Blown, swollen; V. i. 256.

Blurted at, held in contempt; IV. iii. 34.

Bolins, bowlines; III. i. 43.

Bonum quo antiquius, eo melius; i.e. a good thing for being old, the older the better; Prol. I. 10.

Bootless, without gain, profitless; V. i. 33.

Boots, avails, helps; I. ii. 20.

Bots on't, an execration; II. i. 122.

Brace, armour worn on the arm; II. i. 131.

Braid, reproach, upbraid (Malone, *"'braid"*); I. i. 93.

Breathing, exercise; II. iii. 101.

Buxom, lively, fresh; Prol. I. 23.

Can = gan (an old auxiliary form) = did; Prol. III. 36.

Cates, delicacies; II. iii. 29.

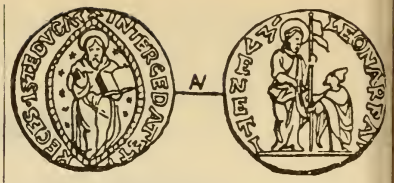
Censure, opinion; II. iv. 34.

Chance, chances it; IV. i. 23.

Character, handwriting; III. iv. 3.

Cheapen, bid for; IV. vi. 10.

Chequin, an Italian gold coin (Quarto 1, *"Checkins"*; Quartos 2, 3, *"Chickins"*; Quartos 4, 5, 6, Folio 3, *"Chickeens"*; Folio 4, *"Chickens"*); IV. ii. 28 (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a Venetian specimen of Shakespeare's era.

Chiding, noisy; III. i. 32.

City, inhabitants of the city, citizens; V. iii. 97.

Clear, virtuous; IV. vi. 113.

Clerks, scholars; Prol. V. 5.

Cockles, mussel-shells; IV. iv. 2.

Coigns, corners (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *"Crignes"*); Prol. III. 17.

Commend, commendation; II. ii. 49.

Companion: "her mild c.," "the companion of her mildness" (Daniel conj. *"her wild c."*; *"in her mild company"*); I. i. 18.

Conceit, ability to think; III. i. 16.

Conclusion, (?) problem; I. i. 56.

Conditions, disposition; III. i. 29.

Condolements, blunder for *doles*; II. i. 154.

Confound, waste, consume; V. ii. 14.

Consist, insist; I. iv. 83.

Conversation, conduct; Prol. II. 9.

Convince, overcome, defeat; I. ii. 123.

Copp'd, round-topped; I. i. 100.
Countervail, balance, equal; II. iii. 56.
Countless, infinite; I. i. 31.
Cunning, knowledge, skill; III. ii. 27.
Curious, elegant, nice; I. iv. 43.

Darks, darkens, obscures; Prol. IV. 35.
Date, appointed term of life; III. iv. 14.
Death-like, deadly; I. i. 29.
Deliver, tell, relate; V. iii. 63.
Deliver'd, told, related; V. i. 162.
Dern, secret, dreary; Prol. III. 15.
Desire (trisyllabic); I. i. 20.
Diana's temple; III. iv. 13. (This famous building is well represented in the large brass medallion of Antoninus Pius, here facsimiled.)



Distain, stain (Steevens conj.; Quartos and Folios 3, 4, "*disdaine*"); IV. iii. 31.
Distemperature, disorder; V. i. 27.
Dole, sorrow; Prol. III. 42.
Dooms, judgment; Prol. III. 32.
Doubt, suspect; I. ii. 86.
Doubting, fearing; I. iii. 22.
Dropping, dripping wet; IV. i. 63.
Dumbs, makes dumb; Prol. V. 5.

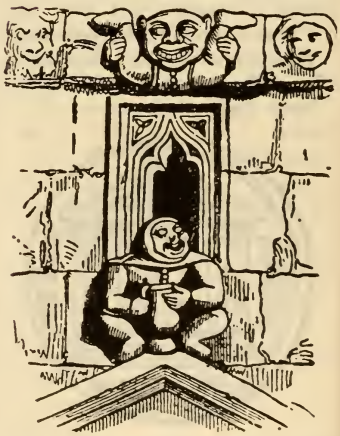
Eaning time, time of delivery; III. iv. 6.
Earnest, money given beforehand; IV. i. 49.
Eche, eke out (Quartos, Folio 3, "*each*"); Prol. III. 13.
Eftsoons, soon, by and by; V. i. 256.
Ember-eves, evenings preceding the ember-days, days of fasting at four seasons of the year; Prol. I. 6.
Entertain, entertainment; I. i. 119.
Entrance (trisyllabic); II. iii. 64.
Erst, erewhile, formerly; I. i. 49.
Escapen, escape; Prol. II. 36.
Exposition, expounding, interpretation; I. i. 112.
Extremity, the extremity of suffering; V. i. 140.
Eyne, eyes; Prol. III. 5.

Fact, deed, (?) crime (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*face*"; Mason conj. "*feat*"); IV. iii. 12.
Fault, misfortune; IV. ii. 75.
Favour, face, appearance; IV. i. 25; V. iii. 13.

Fere, companion, spouse (Quartos, "*Peere*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Peer*"); Prol. I. 21.
Fits, befits; I. i. 157.
Flap-jacks, pancakes; II. i. 87.
Flaw, stormy wind; III. i. 39.
For, fit for; I. i. 7.
——, for fear of; I. i. 40.
——, in place of, instead of; III. i. 62.
——, because; II. iii. 13; V. i. 158; V. iii. 48.
Forbear, bear with; II. iv. 46.
'Fore, before (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*from*"); Prol. III. 6.
For that, because; II. i. 81.
Frame, go, resort; Prol. I. 32.
——, shape, mould; II. v. 81.
Furtherance, help; II. i. 158.

Gat, begat; II. ii. 6.
'Gins, begins; III. ii. 95.
Give him glad, make him glad; Prol. II. 38.
Give's, give us; II. iv. 32.
Glad, gladden; I. iv. 28.
Gloze, make empty words, use deceit; I. i. 110.
Gone through, bid high; IV. ii. 47.
Graff, graft; V. i. 60.
Greets, gratifies; IV. iii. 38.
Griefs, grievances; II. iv. 23.
Grieve, grieve us; II. iv. 19.
Gripe at, grasp at, catch at; I. i. 49.

Haling, dragging (Malone, "*with hauling of the*"); IV. i. 55.
Happily, haply, perhaps; I. iv. 92.
Hatched, closed with a half door; IV. ii. 35.
Having, possession; II. i. 143.
Heap, mass, body (Jackson conj. "*head*"; Collier [ed. 2], "*head*"; Bailey conj. "*shape*"); I. i. 33.
Hie thee, hasten; III. i. 69.
Hies, hastens; Prol. V. 20.
Hight, is called; Prol. IV. 18.
Holy-ales, rural festivals on saints' days; (?) church-ales, or wakes (Steevens' emendation; Quartos and Folios, "*holy-dayes*"); Prol. I. 6. (The annexed cut is a unique representation of one of these ancient popular festivals.)

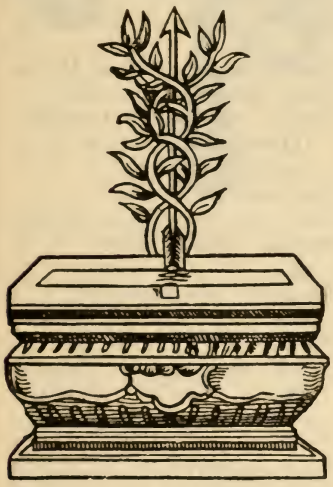


From a XIVth century sculpture over the porch of Chalk Church, near Gravesend.

Honour, honourable office; II. ii. 14.

Husbandry, economy of time; (?) attention to business; III. ii. 20.

In, even in; I. iv. 102.
Inflict, afflict; V. i. 61.
In hac spe vivo, in this hope I live; II. ii. 44. (This device is supposed by Douce to be altered from the one here copied from Paradin.)



Inkle, a kind of tape; here probably some kind of embroidery silk; Prol. V. 8.
Intend, bend, direct; I. ii. 116.
Intends, intentions; V. i. 259.
I-wis, truly, certainly; Prol. II. 2.

Jetted, stalked, strutted; I. iv. 26.
Joy, rejoice; II. i. 163.
Just, joust, tilt; II. i. 113.

Killen, kill; Prol. II. 20.

Late, lately; IV. iv. 15.
Level, aim; II. iii. 114.
Level at, aim at; I. i. 165.
Lien, lain; III. ii. 85.
Light, alighted, fallen; IV. ii. 73.
Like, equal, the same; I. i. 108; IV. v. 1.
——, just as; II. iv. 36.
——, likely; III. i. 17; IV. i. 80.
Longs, belongs to (Singer, "*longs*"; Quartos, "*long's*"; Folios 3, 4, "*long's*"); Prol. II. 40.
Looks, faces, countenances (alluding to the heads of suitors which were set up at the gate to terrify others who might come); Prol. I. 40.
Lop, cut off; I. ii. 90.
Loud music, made by clashing of armour; II. iii. 97.
Lown, base fellow; IV. vi. 19.
Lux tua vita mihi, thy light is life to me; II. ii. 21.

Malkin, slattern (Quarto 3, "*Mowkin*"; the rest, "*Mawkin*"; the old pronunciation); IV. iii. 34.
Manage, training; usually used of a horse; IV. vi. 69.
Mask'd, concealing as with a mask its cruel nature (Dyce conj. "*vast*"; S. Walker conj. "*moist*"; Kinnear conj. "*mighty*"; Elze conj. "*calmest*"); III. iii. 36.

Me pompæ provexit apex, "the desire of renown drew me to this enterprise" (Wilkins' Novel); II. ii. 30. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From "The Heroicall Devises of M. Claudius Paradin," 1591.

Mis-dread, fear of evil; I. ii. 12.
Moons, months; Prol. III. 31.
Mortal, fatal; III. ii. 110.
Mortally, in the manner of mortals; V. i. 105.
Motion, a working pulse (Pericles' exclamation after he has felt Marina's pulse); Steevens, "*no motion?*" *i.e.* "Are you not a puppet?" V. i. 156.
Must, must come to (Wray conj. "*must be*"); I. i. 44.

Ne, nor; Prol. II. 36.
Needle (pronounced *neeld*); Prol. IV. 23.
Neglection, neglect; III. iii. 20.
Nicely scrupulously; IV. i. 6.
Nill, will not; Prol. III. 55.
Not, not only; III. ii. 46.
Nousle, nurse; I. iv. 42.

Of, (?) on (Folios, "*on*"); Prol. V. 22.
Old, of old, long ago; Prol. I. i.
On, of; II. i. 7; II. i. 36; III. iii. 20.
Open, disclose, reveal; I. ii. 87; IV. iii. 23.
Opinion, public opinion; II. ii. 56.
Oppress, suppress; Prol. III. 29.
Orbs, spheres; I. ii. 122.
Ostent, ostentation, display (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*stint*"); I. ii. 25.
Owe, own; V. i. 118.

Parted, departed from; V. iii. 38.
Partakes, communicates; I. i. 152.
Passion, grief; IV. iv. 24.
Perch, measure, mile (according to some = "resting-place"); Prol. III. 15.
Perishen, perish; Prol. II. 35.
Piece, masterpiece: IV. vi. 118.
Pilch = leathern coat (used as a proper name); II. i. 12.
Piu por dulzura que por fuerza, more by gentleness than by force (the Italian "*piu*" is used instead of the Spanish "*mas*"); II. ii. 27.
Plain, make plain; Prol. III. 14.
Porpus, porpoise (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*Porpas*"); II. i. 26.

Portly, imposing; I. iv. 61.
Pregnant, prompt, ready; Prol. IV. 44.



From Daniel's *Translation of Paulus Jovius,* 1585.

Present, "his p.," that which he presents; II. ii. 42.
——, instant, immediate; Prol. IV. 38; V. i. 193.
Presently, immediately; III. i. 82.
Prest, prompt, ready; Prol. IV. 45.
Principals, corner-posts; III. ii. 16.
Proportion, portion, fortune; IV. ii. 28.
Prorogue, draw out, linger out; V. i. 26.
Purchase, gain, profit (Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, "*purpose*"); Prol. I. 9.

Quaintly, skilfully; Prol. III. 13.
Quick, invigorating; IV. i. 28.
Quirks, caprices; IV. vi. 8.
Quit, requite; III. i. 35.
Quod me alit, me extinguit, that which gives me life, gives me death; II. ii. 33. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Rapture, violent effort (Quartos, Folios 3, 4. "*rupture*"); II. i. 159.
Records, sings; Prol. IV. 27.
Reft, bereft; II. iii. 84.
Repeated, mentioned, told; I. i. 96.
Resist me, are distasteful to me; II. iii. 29.
Resolve, solve; I. i. 71.
——, satisfy; II. v. 68.
——, tell inform; V. i. 1; V. iii. 61.
Resolved, satisfied, convinced; II. iv. 31.
Return them, announce to them; II. ii. 4.
Ruff; IV. ii. 111. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a Spanish portrait of the date 1503.

'Say'd assayed, those who have assayed; I. i. 59, 60.
Semblance (trisyllabic); I. iv. 71.
Shall's, shall we; IV. v. 7.
Shine, brightness; I. ii. 124.
Shipman, seaman; I. iii. 24.
Shores, sewers; IV. vi. 186.
Sic spectanda fides, thus faith is to be tested; II. ii. 38. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From "The Heroicall Devises of M. Claudius Paradin . . . ," 1591.

Sleided, raw, untwisted (Quartos, Folio 3, *"sleded"*; Folio 4, *"sledded"*); Prol. IV. 21.
Smooth, flatter; I. ii. 78.
So, well and good; IV. ii. 46.
Sometime, once; II. i. 141.
Sometimes, formerly, sometime; I. i. 34.
Somewhat, something; II. i. 126.
Speeding, succeeding; II. iii. 116.
Speken, speak; Prol. II. 12.
Standing-bowl, a bowl resting on a foot; II. iii. 65.
Stay, await; II. ii. 3.
Stead, aid, help; Prol. III. 21; Prol. IV. 41.
Still, continually, always; Prol. I. 36.
Straight, immediately; III. i. 54.
Strain, race; IV. iii. 24.
Suddenly, quickly; III. i. 70.
——, at once, immediately; IV. i. 96.

Take, betake; III. iv. 10.
Tellus, the earth; IV. i. 14.
That, if; Prol. I. 13.
——, so that; Prol. V. 7.
Thetis, the sea goddess; IV. iv. 39.
Thorough, through; IV. iii. 35.
Thoughten, thinking; IV. vi. 115.
Throng'd up, pressed, numbed; II. i. 77.
Throng'd, pressed, crushed; I. i. 101.
Thwarting, crossing; IV. iv. 10.
Tire, furniture, bed-furniture (?) = comfortably and richly furnished bed; III. ii. 22.
To, compared to; II. iii. 36.
To-bless, bless (*to,* used intensively); IV. vi. 23.
Tourney, hold a tournament; II. i. 114.
Triumph, tournament; II. ii. 1.

Unscissar'd, uncut, untouched by the scissors; III. iii. 29.
Unto, according to, in comparison to; II. i. 161.

Vail, lower; II. iii. 42.
——, do homage; Prol. IV. 29.
Vails, perquisites received by servants; II. i. 155.
Vegetives, vegetables, plants; III. ii. 36.
Viol, vial, phial (Quartos 4, 5, 6; Folios 3, 4, "*viall*"); III. ii. 90.
Visor, mask; IV. iv. 44.

Wages, equals, weighs; IV. ii. 32.
Wanion; "with a w." = "with a curse on you," "with a vengeance" (probably ultimately derived from the phrase "*in the waniand,*" *i.e.* "in the waning moon," *i.e.* at an unlucky time, hence = with ill-luck); II. i. 17.
Weed, garment, robe; IV. i. 14.
Well-a-day, grief, woe; IV. iv. 49.
Well-a-near, alas! well-a-day; Prol. III. 51.
Well, said, well done; III. ii. 87.
Where, whereas; I. i. 127; II. iii. 43.
Whereas, where; I. iv. 70.
Whipstock, the handle of a whip; II. ii. 51.
Who, he who; I. i. 94.
Wight, man; Prol. I. 39.
Wit, know; IV. iv. 31.
With, by; I. i. 4; II. i. 68, 69.
Word, motto; II. ii. 21.
Would; "I w.," I wish; III. i. 42.
Writ, holy writ, gospel (Quartos 2, 3, "*write*"; Steevens conj. "*wit*"; Nicholson conj. "*Writ*"); Prol. II. 12.

Younger, past, ago; I. iv. 39.
Y-slaked, sunk to repose; Prol. III. 1.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 24. '*boundless*'; Rowe's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*bondlesse.*'

I. i. 29. '*death-like dragons here affright*'; Daniel conj. '*death, like dragons, here affrights*'; S. Walker conj. '*affront*'; Hudson conj. '*affronts.*'

I. i. 55-57. The arrangement of the text, confused in Quartos and Folios, was first made by Malone.

I. i. 59, 60. '*Of all 'say'd yet*'; Mason conj. '*In all, save that*'; Mitford conj. '*O false! and yet.*'

I. i. 113. '*cancel of*'; Malone's emendation; Folios 3, 4, '*cancel off*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, '*counsell of*'; Quarto 5, '*counsel of.*'

I. i. 128. '*untimely*'; Wilkins, in the Novel, writes '*uncomely,*' which may, perhaps, give the correct reading of the line.

I. i. 135. '*blush,*' *i.e.* '*who blush*'; the omission of the pronoun, personal or relative, is characteristic of the non-Shakespearian portions of the play.

I. ii. 1. '*change of thoughts,*' *i.e.* perturbation of thought; Steevens conj. '*charge of thoughts?*'; Mason conj. '*change of thoughts?*'; Singer (ed. 2), '*charge our thoughts?*'; Staunton conj. '*change our thoughts?*'; Bailey conj. '*child of thought*'; Daniel conj. '*cast of thought.*'

I. ii. 3. '*Be my so used a guest as*'; Dyce's emendation; Quarto 1, '*By me so vsde a guest, as*'; Malone (1780), '*By me's so us'd a guest, as*'; Jackson conj. '*Be by me so us'd a guest?*'.

I. ii. 8. '*arm*'; so Folio 4; Dyce reads '*aim.*'

I. ii. 30. '*Who am*'; Farmer conj.; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*Who once*'; Malone (1780), '*Who owe*'; (1790), '*Who wants.*'

I. ii. 41. '*blast*'; Mason conj. Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*spark*'; Malone (1790), '*breath*'; Steevens conj. '*wind.*'

I. ii. 55. '*plants*'; so Quarto 1; Malone's emendation of Quartos and Folios, '*planets.*'

I. ii. 86. '*doubt it*'; Steevens conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*doo't*'; Quartos 4, 5, 6, and Folios, '*thinke.*'

I. ii. 93. *'spares'*; so Quarto 1; Quartos 2-6, and Folios 3, 4, *'feares'* and *'fears.'*

I. ii. 95. *'reprovest'*; Malone, *'reprov'st'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'reprou'dst'*; Quartos 4, 5, 6, *'reprovedst'*; Folios 3, 4, *'reproved'st.'*

I. iii. 4-7. *Cp.* "I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who, being demanded by King Lisimachus what favour he might do unto him, for that he loved him, made him answer to the king, that your Majesty would never impart unto me any of your secrets."—Barnabie Riche's *Soldier's Wish to Britain's Welfare.*

I. iii. 27-28. *'but since he's gone, the king's seas must please'*; Mason conj. *'But since he is gone, the king, seas must please'*; Percy conj. *'But since he's gone, the king it sure must please'*; Collier (ed. 2), *'But since he is gone the king's ease must please'*; Perring conj. *'But since he's gone, the king this news must please'*; Dyce conj. *'But since he's gone the king's ears it must please.'*

I. iv. 8. *'mischief's eyes'*; Steevens, *'mistful eyes'*; Anon. conj. (1814), *'mischief-size'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'mistie eyes'*; S. Walker conj. *'misery's eyes'*; Kinnear conj. *'weakness' eyes'*; Mr. T. Tyler's suggestion, *'not seen with mischief's eyes,' i.e.* 'not seen with the eyes of despair,' seems to be the most ingenious correction of the line, if any change is necessary.

I. iv. 13-14. *'Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep Our woes'*; Hudson reads, *'Our tongues do sound our sorrows and deep woes.'*

——; *'sorrows do'*; Cartwright conj. *'sobbings do'*; Bailey conj. *'bosoms too'*; Anon. conj. *'sorrowing bosoms do.'*

I. iv. 15. *'tongues'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'toungs'*; Steevens conj. *'lungs.'*

I. iv. 39. *'yet two summers younger'*; Mason conj.; Quarto 1, *'yet two sauers younger'*; Folios 3, 4, *'yet to savers younger.'*

I. iv. 69. *'of unhappy me'*; Malone (1780), *'of unhappy men'*; Steevens conj. *'of unhappy we'*; Jackson conj. *'O unhappy me.'*

I. iv. 74. *'him's' i.e. 'him who is'*; Malone's reading; Quarto 1, *'himnes'*; Quartos 2, 3, Folio 3, *'hymnes'*; Quartos 4, 5, *'hymmes'*; Quarto 6, *'hymmes'*; Folio 4, *'hymns'*; Steevens conj. *'him who is.'*

Prol. II. 19. *'for though'*; Steevens, *'forth'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'for thy'*; Nicholson conj. *'for-though'*; Kinnear conj. *'for through.'*

Prol. II. 22. *'Sends word'*; Steevens conj.; Quartos 1-5 read *'Sau'd one'*; Quarto 6, Folios 3, 4, *'Sav'd one.'*

II. i. 52. *'finny'*; Steevens conj. (from Wilkins' novel); Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'fenny.'*

II. i. 58. *'search'*; Steevens conj. *'scratch it'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'scratch't'*; Staunton, *'scratch'*; Anon. conj. *'steal it'*; Hudson, *'steal't.'*

II. i. 60. *'May see the sea hath cast upon your coast'*; so Quartos; Folios 3, 4, *'Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast'*; Malone (1780), *'You may see the sea hath cast me on your coast'*; Steevens, adopted by Malone (1790), *'Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—.'*

II. ii. 14. *'entertain'*; Steevens conj. *'explain'*; Anon. conj. *'entreat'*; Anon. conj. *'emblazon'*; Schmidt conj. *'interpret.'*

II. iii. 19. *'Marshal'*; Malone's emendation; Quartos, Folio 3, *'Martiall'*; Folio 4, *'Martial.'*

II. iii. 29. *'resist'*; Collier conj. *'distaste.'*

——; *'he not'*; so Quartos 2-6, Folios 3, 4; Malone, *'she not'*; Malone conj. *'he now'*; Steevens conj. *'be not'*; Mason conj. *'she but'*; Dyce conj. *'he but.'*

II. iii. 50. *'stored'*; Steevens conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, *'stur'd'*; Folios 3, 4, *'stirr'd'*; Mason conj. *'stow'd.'*

II. iii. 63. *'kill'd are wonder'd at'*; Daniel, *'still ne'er wondered at'*; Anon. conj. *'kill'd are scorned at'*; Kinnear, *'little are wonder'd at.'*

II. iv. 41. *'For honour's cause'*; Dyce's reading; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'Try honours cause'*; Steevens conj. *'Try honour's course'*; Jackson conj. *'Cry, honour's cause!'*; Anon. conj. *'By honour's cause.'*

Prol. III. 35. *'Y-ravished'*; Steevens conj.; Quarto 1, *'Iranyshed'*; Quarto 2, *'Irany shed'*; the rest, *'Irony shed.'*

III. i. 7-8. *'Thou stormest venomously; Wilt'*; Dyce's reading; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'then storme venomously, Wilt'*; Malone, *'Thou storm, venomously, Wilt'*; Steevens, *'Thou, storm, thou! venomously Wilt'*; Collier, *'Thou storm, venomously Wilt.'*

III. i. 14. *'travails'*; Folio 3, *'travels'*; Dyce, *'travail.'*

III. i. 26. *'Use honour with you'*; Steevens reads, *'Vie honour with yourselves'*; Mason conj. *'Vie honour with you.'*

III. i. 63. *'aye-remaining lamps'*; Malone's conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'ayre remayning lampes'*; Quartos 4, 5, 6, *'ayre remaining lampes'*; Folio 3, *'ayre remaining lamps'*; Folio 4, *'air remaining lamps'*; Jackson conj. *'area-manesing,'* etc.

III. ii. 17. *'all-to topple'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'al-to topple'*; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'all to topple'*; Dyce, *'all to-topple.'*



III. ii. 22. *'Rich tire'*; Steevens conj. *'Such towers'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'Rich tire'*; the rest, *'Rich attire'*; Jackson conj. *'Rich Tyre'*; Collier (ed. 2), *'Rich 'tire.'*

III. ii. 41. *'treasure'*; Steevens' emendation for *'pleasures'* and *'pleasure'* of Quartos, Folios 3, 4.

III. ii. 42. *'to please the fool and death.' Cp.* the accompanying initial from Stowe's Survey of London (1618.) Steevens explained the words as an allusion to an old print exhibiting *Death* in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* standing behind, and grinning at the process.

III. ii. 48. *'time shall never . . . '* so Quartos 1, 2, 3; Quartos 4, 5, 6, Folios 3, 4, *'neuer shall decay'*; Malone, *'time shall never—'*; Dyce, *'time shall never raze'*; Staunton, *'time shall ne'er decay'*; Anon. conj. *'time shall never end.'*

III. iii. 7. *'wanderingly'*; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'wondringly'*; Schmidt conj. *'woundingly.'*

III. iii. 29. *'Unscissar'd shall this hair'*; Steevens' emendation; Quartos 1-4, *'vnsisterd . . . heyre'*; Quarto 5, *'unsisterd shall his heyres'*; Quarto 6, *'unsisterd . . . heire'*; Folios 3, 4, *'unsister'd . . . heir.'*

III. iii. 39. *'show ill'*; Quartos and Folios read *'show will'*; the correction was made independently by Malone and Dyce; this and the previous emendations are confirmed by the corresponding passage in the Novel.

Prol. IV. 17. *'marriage rite'*; Collier's reading; Percy conj. *'marriage rites'*; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'marriage sight'*; Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, *'marriage fight'*; Steevens conj. *'marriage night.'*

Prol. IV. 26. *'night-bird'*; Malone's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'night bed.'*

IV. i. 5. *'inflaming love i' thy bosom'*; Knight's emendation of Quarto 1, *'in flaming, thy loue bosome,'* etc.

IV. i. 11. '*only mistress' death*'; Malone (1790), '*old mistress' death*'; Percy conj. '*old nurse's death,*' etc., etc.

IV. i. 64. '*stem to stern*'; Malone's emendation; Quartos, '*sterne to sterne*'; Folios 3, 4, '*stern to stern.*'

IV. i. 97. '*the great pirate Valdes*'; "perhaps there is here a scornful allusion to Don Pedro de Valdes, a Spanish admiral taken by Drake in 1588" (Malone).

IV. iii. 17. '*pious*'; Mason conj., and Wilkins' novel, adopted by Collier; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*impious*'; the rest omit the word.

IV. iii. 47-48. '*dost, with thine angel's face, Seize*'; Malone conj. '*dost wear thine angel's face; Seize*'; Steevens, '*doth wear an angel's face, Seize*'; Hudson (1881), '*doth use an angel's face, Then seize.*'

IV. iii. 48. '*talons*'; Rowe's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*talents.*'

IV. iv. 13-16. The arrangement of the lines is according to Hudson's edition (1881).

IV. iv. 18. '*his pilot thought*'; Steevens conj. '*his pilot wrought*'; Mason conj. '*this pilot-thought*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*this Pilat thought*'; the rest, '*this Pilate thought.*'

IV. iv. 48. '*scene must play*'; Malone's emendation (1790); Quartos, Folios 3, 4 read '*Steare must play*'; Steevens conj., adopted by Malone (1780), '*tears must play*'; Malone conj. '*stage must play*'; Steevens, '*scenes display.*'

V. i. 47. '*deafen'd*'; Malone's emendation; Quarto 1, '*defend*'; the rest, '*defended.*'

V. i. 72. '*prosperous and artificial feat*'; *i.e.* '*gracefully and skilfully performed*'; Mason conj. '*prosperous artifice and fate*'; Steevens, '*prosperous-artificial feat.*'

——; '*feat*'; Percy conj., adopted by Steevens; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*fate.*'

V. i. 209-210. The passage is so corrupt that the Cambridge editors found themselves obliged to leave it as it stands in the Quartos and Folios.

V. i. 235. '*nips*'; Collier conj. '*raps.*'

V. i. 247. '*life*'; Charlemont conj., adopted by Malone; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*like.*'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

"Gower," says Lloyd, "was a contemporary of Chaucer, and in one respect at least fully worthy to be so. His strong point is his versification; in the composition we are concerned with at least, we find none of Chaucer's sympathy with external nature, none of his sense of the humorous, and little of his diversified natural passion; the proper poetic vein of Gower, it must be said, is dry, and in default of this it is not much to say for his reputation as a poet, that he could adhere to and pursue a story with more conscientiousness than Chaucer in his idle moments compelled himself to; and he has the merit, not slight in itself, though one capable of large enhancement by addition of gifts that Gower had not, of a correct ear and happy power in guiding with tightened rein the paces that may be even stately, but that may so easily degenerate into the shambling of the rhymed verse of eight syllables. Hence came the inspiration of the spirited numbers in which the lines run that are assigned to Gower as chorus, and this circumstance alone gives importance to *Pericles* in the history of English literature, for it is impossible to read them without perceiving that from this intermediate basin Milton drew the sweet waters of Gower's early English rhythm, as those of Chaucer from *Midsummer-Night's Dream*; that hence it was he caught some of those tones that complete the perfection of what I must call unaffectedly his most perfect poems—poems that are as entirely satisfactory as the art of Shakespeare and the Greeks, however subordinate in scope, the Allegro and Penseroso."

40. Referring to the heads of the unsuccessful suitors set up over the palace gate, which is supposed to be in the sight of the audience. So in Gower's poem:—

"And in this wise his lawe taxeth,
That what man that his daughter axeth,
But if he couthe his question
Assoile upon suggestion
Of certein thinges that befelle,
The which he wold unto him telle
He shuld in certein lese his hede.
And thus there were many dede
Her hedes stonding on the gate
Till ate laste, long and late,
For lack of answere in this wise,
The remenaunt, that weren wise,
Escheweden to make assaie."

Scene I.

1. It does not appear that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince,* therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince *regnant.* In the *Gesta Romanorum* Apollonius is *king* of Tyre; in Twine's translation he is repeatedly called *prince of Tyrus,* as he is in Gower.

8, 9. The words *whose* and *her* refer to the daughter of Antiochus. *Lucina* was the goddess who presided over childbirth; therefore *till Lucina reign'd* means till the time of birth.

9-11. *Nature this dowry gave . . . perfections*:—The dowry given was, *that* the senate-house of planets *should* sit, etc. Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost,* viii. 511:—

"All heaven,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence."

13, 14. *Graces her subjects,* etc.:—"The Graces are her subjects, and her thoughts the sovereign of every virtue *that* gives renown to men."

18. By *her mild companion* is meant "the companion of her mildness." Hudson (Harvard ed.), adopting the conjecture of Daniel, reads "in her mild company."

27. *Hesperides* is here put for the garden in which the golden apples were kept. So also in *Love's Labour's Lost,* IV. iii. 340: "Climbing trees in the *Hesperides.*"

43, 44. *to prepare*, etc.:—That is, "to prepare this body for that state to which I must *come*."

62, 63. *Nor ask advice*, etc.:—So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "*Asking advice of no other thought but faithfulnesse and courage*, he presently lighted from his own horse."

72. *Sharp physic is the last*:—That is, the intimation in the last line of the riddle, that his life depends on resolving it.

79, 80. He is no *perfect* or *honest* man, that, knowing, etc.

87. *touch not*:—This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves.

96-100. *For vice repeated . . . hurt them*:—"The man who knows the ill practices of princes is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes. When the blast is over, the eyes that have been affected by the dust, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air that would annoy them."

101. *Copp'd hills* are hills rising in a conical form, something of the shape of a sugar-loaf. Thus in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519: "Sometime men wear *copped* caps like a sugar loaf." So Baret: "To make *copped*, or sharpe at top; cacumino."

102. *poor worm*:—The mole is so called in the way of commiseration. In *The Tempest*, III. i. 31, Prospero, speaking to Miranda, says, "*Poor worm*, thou art infected!" The mole remains secure till it has thrown up those hillocks which betray his course to the mole-catcher.

134-136. *for wisdom sees*, etc.:—The expression here is elliptical: "For wisdom sees *that* those men *who* do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night will not shun any course to keep them from being known."

Scene II.

1. *change of thoughts*:—Mason interprets this as meaning "that change in the disposition of his mind—that unusual propensity to melancholy and cares, which he afterwards describes, and which made his body pine and his soul to languish." Malone's reading, *charge*, has been followed by Dyce, Knight, and Hudson (Harvard ed.), the last-named remarking that the word is here used for *burden* or *weight*.

44. *Signior Sooth*:—A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 196: "Sir Smile, his neighbour."

62. *let their ears hear their faults hid*:—Suffer their ears to hear their failings palliated.

74. *arms to princes*, etc.:—Such as bring additional strength to princes and joy to their subjects.

Scene III.

25. *life or death*:—Rolfe thinks the writer meant "that *life or death* was the question *each minute*." Hudson (Harvard ed.), following Daniel's conjecture, reads "life with death."

36. *desire it*:—Malone would have added "told." Walker conjectured "inquire it"; and Hudson (Harvard ed.) reads "inquire of it."

Scene IV.

Delius having asserted that in this Scene Cleon, in a senseless manner, tells his wife of things which she knows as well as he does himself, Ulrici remarks that "Cleon does not 'tell' her of the famine; he and Dionyza are merely talking about their sad position, about the terribly rapid change between overflowing abundance and abject poverty, and are grieving over the misery which has suddenly come upon them."

42. *nousle*:—This old word for *nurse* was much used by old writers. So Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. vi. 23:—

> "Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
> He *nousled* up in life and maners wilde."

93, 94. *Are like*, etc.:—That is, are like the Trojan horse, *which* was stuffed with bloody veins, *i.e.* living men. Some editions change *was stuff'd* into *war-stuff'd*, and *veins* into *views*.

ACT SECOND.

9-12. *The good*, etc.:—That is, the good prince (on whom I bestow my blessing) is still at Tarsus, where every man pays as much respect to all he can speak, as if it were holy writ.

13, 14. *And, to remember*, etc.:—This circumstance is found in the *Confessio Amantis*:—

> "That thei *for ever in remembrance*
> *Made a figure in resemblance*
> *Of hym*, and in comonne place
> Thei set it upp; so that his face
> Miht every maner man byholde:
> It was of latonn over gylte."

40. "Pardon old Gower from telling what ensues: it belongs to the text, not to his part as chorus."

Scene I.

25-27. *saw the porpus*, etc.:—Sailors have long held the notion that the playing of porpoises round a ship is a certain prognostic of a violent gale of wind.

35 *et seq.* Brandes observes that "the scene between the three fishermen, with which the second Act opens, owns some turns which speak of Shakespeare, especially where a fisherman says that the avaricious rich are the whales 'o' the land, who never leave gaping till they 've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all,' and another replies, 'But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.'"

64, 65. *In that vast tennis-court*, etc.:—So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "In such a shadow mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare, and are, *like tenis bals, tossed by the racket of the higher powers*."

117, 118. *O, sir, things*, etc.:—"Things must be as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right to attempt." The rest of the passage seems meaningless, and is probably mutilated.

122. *bots on't*:—This comic execration was formerly used instead of one less decent. *Bots* is a disease in horses.

Scene II.

4. *Return them*:—That is, return them word that we are ready.

56, 57. *scan the outward habit*, etc.:—Scan the inward man by the outward habit. Such inversions are not uncommon in old writers.

Scene III.

20. *These cates resist me*:—"These delicacies go against my stomach."

63. *are wonder'd at*:—When kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the powers of creating bustle were superior to those which either object should seem to have promised.

Scene IV.

7. *When he was seated in a chariot*:—"A grossly corrupted passage," says White, "though intelligible."

34. *the strongest in our censure*:—That is, according to Steevens, "the most probable in our opinion."

Scene V.

2 *et seq.* "The expedient here devised by Simonides for having the suitors 'well despatch'd' is indeed," says Clarke, "not very consonant with the dignity of truth; but it is quite characteristic of the waggish tendency to stratagem shown by the royal old gentleman, in proceeding to 'dissemble' his satisfaction at his daughter's choice, and to play off a pretended anger at the lovers' mutual affection, that he may keep them in a flutter of suspense until he choose to join their hands and bid them wed at once as the penalty of their transgression, in daring to fall in love without his leave. Steevens solemnly demurs to this conduct of Simonides; yet, though it may not be 'ingenuous,' it is perfectly in character—diplomatically as well as dramatically."

93. From this line Steevens omits *and*. At this place he has the following observations: "I cannot dismiss the foregoing Scene till I have expressed the most supreme contempt of it. Such another gross, nonsensical dialogue would be sought for in vain among the earliest and rudest efforts of the British theatre. It is impossible not to wish that the knights had horsewhipped Simonides, and that Pericles had kicked him off the stage."

ACT THIRD.

In the stage direction for the Dumb Show the lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is King of Tyre. By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of

Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.

59, 60. It is clear from these lines that when the play was originally performed no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship.

Scene I.

"The diction throughout the present scene," in Clarke's opinion, "is veritably Shakespearian. It has that majesty of unrestrained force which distinguishes his finest descriptive passages, and that dignity of expression, combined with the most simple and natural pathos, which characterizes his passages of deepest passion. After the comparative stiffness traceable in the phraseology of the previous scenes, and after the cramped and antiquated chant-speeches of Gower, this opening of the third Act always comes upon us with the effect of a grand strain of music —the music of the great master himself—with its rightly touched discords and its nobly exalted soul-sufficing harmonies." And Hudson (Harvard ed.) exclaims: "After the dull and dreary scenes that precede, how refreshing it is at last to strike upon a vein of genuine Shakespeare!"

1. *this great vast*:—It should be remembered that Pericles is supposed to speak from the deck. Lychorida, on whom he calls, is supposed to be in the cabin beneath.

30 *et seq.* A part of this most Shakespearian passage is found in Wilkins's novel. The words in italics will show that one of the Poet's most characteristic expressions has been lost out of the text: "*Poor inch of nature!* quoth he, thou art as rudely welcome to the world, as ever princess' babe was; and hast as chiding a nativity, as fire, air, earth, and water can afford thee."

35. *Thy loss*, etc.:—That is, "thou hast already lost more, by the death of thy mother, than thy safe arrival at the port of life can requite, with all to boot that we can give thee." *Portage* is here used for *conveyance* into life.

75, 76. *Thither, gentle mariner*, etc.:—Change thy course, which is now *for Tyre*, and go to *Tarsus*.

Scene II.

9. *Give this to the 'pothecary*, etc.:—The recipe cannot be for the servant's master. It must be either for the servant himself, or for the poor men who here leave the stage.

67. *Apollo, perfect me,* etc.:—He asks that Apollo may make him able to read it.

105. *What world is this*:—This is from the *Confessio Amantis*:—

> "And first hir eyen up she caste,
> And when she more of strength caught,
> Her armes both forth she straughte;
> Held up hir honde and piteouslie
> She spake, and said, Where am I?
> Where is my lorde? Ah! What worlde is this?"

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1 *et seq.* It has been remarked how this wicked foster-mother, hating Marina, corresponds to the wicked stepmother in *Cymbeline*, who hates Imogen.

4-6. *Let not conscience . . . too nicely*:—This passage, says White, is hopelessly corrupted.

17. *Shall, as a carpet, hang,* etc.:—That is, as drapery. Table-covers, and articles of like kind and use, were called carpets. Floors were covered with rushes.

52 *et seq. When I was born, the wind was north,* etc.:—"Most notable," observes Brandes, "is the preliminary sketch of the tempest which ushers in the play. Over and above the resemblance between the storm-scenes [in *Pericles* and *The Tempest*] we have Marina's description of the hurricane during which she was born (IV. i.), and Ariel's description of the shipwreck (*Tempest*, I. ii.)."

Scene II.

16. *Ay, to eleven,* etc.:—Brought them up to eleven years of age, and then brought them down again: that is, ruined them.

35. *keep our door hatched*:—This, says Hudson (Harvard ed.), "means *shut up shop*, or *give over our trade*."

114-116. *he will come in our shadow,* etc.:—The allusion is to the French coin *écus de soleil, crowns of the sun*. The meaning of the passage is merely this, that the French knight will seek the shade of their house to scatter his *money* there.

147, 148. *thunder . . . eels*:—Thunder was supposed to have the effect of rousing eels from the mud, and so rendering them more easy to take in stormy weather. Marston alludes to this in his *Satires*:—

> "They are nought but eeles, that never will appeare
> Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare
> Their slimy beds."

153. *virgin knot*:—The words *virgin knot* allude to the zone or girdle worn by maidens in classical ages, and which was untied by the husband at the wedding. The language here so charmingly used by Marina has its parallel in that employed by Prospero, referring to Miranda, in *The Tempest* (IV. i.); and these are the only two instances in which the allusion occurs in Shakespeare.

Scene III.

11. *If thou hadst drunk to him*, etc.:—That is, if you had tasted the cup first and been poisoned in pledging him. There is an implied allusion to the office of taster at royal tables in old times.

49, 50. "You are so affectedly humane, that you would appeal to Heaven against the cruelty of winter in killing the flies."

Scene IV.

18. *think his pilot thought*:—Clarke and White read, after the early copies, *this* instead of *his*. Clarke explains the passage thus: "Let your imagination conceive this thought that I suggest to you; and which, like a pilot, shall conduct and accompany Pericles on his sea-voyage." Its meaning as here given, concisely stated by Malone, is this: "Suppose that your imagination is his pilot."

20. Who has left Tarsus before her father begins his search for her.

31. *wit*:—Thus in Gower:—

> "In which the lorde hath to him writte,
> That he would understande and *witte*."

39. The author, as Mason explains, "ascribed the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in

her element; and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores."

Scene V.

Brandes, differing from many leading commenators as to the authorship of these parts of the play, remarks that this and the ensuing brothel scenes "do not give an intellectual equivalent for all that has been dared in order to produce them, but they bear witness to the desire Shakespeare felt of painting youthful womanly purity shining whitely in a very snake-pit of vice, and the spirit in which it is accomplished is that of both Shakespeare and the Renaissance."

Scene VI.

21. This is Justice Shallow's mode of asking the price of a different kind of commodity: "*How* a score of ewes now?"

53. *I desire,* etc.:—Brandes says: "The calm dignity of Marina's innocence has none of that taint of the confessional which was plainly obnoxious to Shakespeare, and which neither the mediæval plays before him, nor Corneille and Calderon after, could escape. Corneille's Theodora is a saint by profession and a martyr from choice. She gives herself up to her enemies at the end of the play, because she has been assured by supernatural revelation that she will not again be imprisoned in the house from which she has just escaped. Shakespeare's Marina, the tenderly and carefully outlined sketch of the type which is presently wholly to possess his imagination, is purely human in her innate nobility of nature."

97-99. *If you were born,* etc.:—The novel of Wilkins gives the following as Marina's speech on this occasion; and it is in such a strain that we cannot but regret not to see more of it in the play: "If, as you say, my lord, you are the governor, let not your authority, which should teach you to rule others, be the means to make you misgovern yourself. If the eminence of your place came unto you by descent and the royalty of your blood, let not your life prove your birth bastard: if it were thrown upon you by opinion, make good that opinion which was the cause to make you great. What reason is there in your justice, who hath power over all, to undo any? If you take from me mine honour, you

are like him that makes a gap into forbidden ground, after whom many enter, and you are guilty of all their evils. My life is yet unspotted, my chastity unstain'd in thought: then, if your violence deface this building, the workmanship of Heaven, made up for good, and not to be the exercise of sin's intemperance, you do kill your own honour, abuse your own justice, and impoverish me."

100. Lysimachus must be supposed to say this sneeringly: "Proceed with your fine moral discourse."

149, 150. Steevens thinks that there may be some allusion here to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius, and by Pliny. A skilful workman, who had discovered the art of *making glass malleable*, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately, lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

158. *rosemary and bays*:—Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.

184, 185. *a baboon*, etc.:—That is, a baboon would think his name dishonoured by such a profession.

ACT FIFTH.

23, 24. *Where what is done*, etc.:—Where all that may be displayed in action shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit.

Scene I.

80. Marina's song is thus given in the novel:—

"Amongst the harlots foule I walke;
Yet harlot none am I;
The Rose amongst the Thornes doth grow,
And is not hurt thereby,
The Thiefe that stole me sure I thinke,
Is slaine before this time.
A bawde me bought, yet am I not

Defilde by fleshly crime:
Nothing were pleasanter to me,
Then parents mine to know.
I am the issue of a King,
My blood from Kings dooth flow:
In time the heauens may mend my state,
And send a better day,
For sorrow addes unto our griefes,
But helps not any way:
Shew gladness in your countenance,
Cast up your cheerefull eies,
That God remaines that once of nought
Created Earth and Skies."

100, 101. This refers, apparently, to something not found in any printed copy of the play, perhaps to something lost from it. And afterwards, Pericles says to Marina, "Didst thou not say, *when I did push thee back* . . . thou camest from good descending?" Probably a good deal of the play as written never got into print: the broken and disordered state of the text shows that such is the case. In the *Confessio Amantis*, and in the *Painful Adventures*, the discovery of Marina is not made till Pericles has broken forth into violence against her person. Thus, in the former:—

"Bot as a madde man, atte laste
His hed wepyng awey he cast,
And half in wrath he bade here go:
Bot yit she wolde nouht do so;
And in the derke forth she goth
Til she hym towchith, and he wroth,
And after hire with his honde
He smote: and thus whan she hym fonde
Diseasyd, courtesly she seide,
Avoy, my lorde, I am a mayde;
And if ye wiste what I am,
And owte of what lynage I cam,
Ye wolde not be so salvage."

117, 118. *these endowments*, etc.:—The meaning is, these endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heightened by being in your possession: they acquire additional grace from their owner.

Scene III.

"At a somewhat earlier period," observes Brandes, "such a subject would have assumed, in England, the form of a *Morality*, an allegorical religious play, in which the steadfastness of the virtuous woman would have triumphed over *Vice*. At a somewhat later period, in France, it would have been a Christian drama, in which heathen wickedness and incredulity were put to confusion by the youthful believer. Shakespeare carries it back to the days of Diana; his virtue and vice are alike heathen, owning no connection with church or creed."

7. *silver livery*:—That is, her white robes of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity.

79. *make a star of him*:—This notion is borrowed from the ancients, who believed that they conferred divine honours and immortality on men by placing them "among the stars."

Questions on Pericles.

1. What was the contemporary judgement of this play?
2. Regarding the validity of its authorship, what was the opinion of the editors of the first Folio?
3. What portions, according to the weight of critical opinion, are ascribed to Shakespeare? Who were, conjecturally, his associates?
4. To what play of Shakespeare's does it bear some structural resemblances?

ACT FIRST.

5. Who was the historical Gower, and why was he selected to bear the part of the chorus in this play?
6. What part of the plot is revealed by the prologue? How does the action knit itself with the prologue?
7. How does Pericles speak after the first view of Antiochus's daughter? Is there here contained the crux of the drama entailing the expiatory part which follows; if so, give it a brief statement.
8. What is the reflection of Pericles after solving the riddle?
9. How does Pericles characterize the acts of kings who are impelled by their vices?
10. What respite is allowed Pericles? What figure shows the relationship of murder and lust?
11. How does Antiochus try to destroy Pericles?
12. In the opening speech of Sc. ii. does Pericles show only apprehension of Antiochus's spite?
13. In the relationship that exists between Pericles and Helicanus how is shown the converse of the relations already exhibited between Antiochus and his subjects?
14. What course does Pericles take to escape Antiochus?
15. What does Thaliard say (Sc. iii.) of kings' secrets? What bearing on the plot has this Scene?
16. Who are introduced in Sc. iv.? What purpose is there in the detailed description of affairs in Tarsus?

ACT SECOND.

17. What parts of the story are supplied by Gower and the Dumb Show? Comment on the dramatic anomaly of this device.

18. Analyze the invocation of Pericles at the opening of Sc. i. and show wherein it is un-Shakespearian.

19. How does the conversation of the fishermen form a humorous counterpart to the theme of the plot? What insight into social custom in Elizabethan England does this Scene supply?

20. How is Pericles supplied with suitable apparel to appear before the court of Simonides?

21. How is the procession of knights arranged to form an effect of climax? How do the bystanders comment on the Sixth Knight?

22. What kinds of triumph does Pericles achieve in Sc. iii.? What is his reflection upon the scene before him? Does he in this reveal something of the process of expiation that the play is designed to show?

23. What is reported in Sc. iv. of Antiochus and his daughter? What is the state of affairs at Tyre during the absence of Pericles? What does this Scene show of his popularity?

24. By what device are the knights dismissed (Sc. v.) from the palace of Simonides in Pentapolis?

25. Did Shakespeare ever manage a wooing so bunglingly as that depicted in Sc. v., even considering the necessary compression of the episode to fit into the larger scheme of the drama? Is Simonides a real character?

ACT THIRD.

26. Indicate the design in employing an archaic form of certain words in the speech of Gower.

27. Compare the invocation of Pericles in Sc. i. with that at the opening of Act. I. Sc. i.

28. What superstition of the sailors provides for one of the principal episodes of the plot? Mention other plays in which Shakespeare has thus brought together the unrelated human elements of the plot.

29. Compare this storm-scene with that presented in *The Tempest*. Was this a "study" for the latter?

30. How does Pericles moralize these supreme disasters? Is the art in which this is done good or bad?

31. What personal facts concerning Cerimon are given in Sc. ii.?

32. Compare the treatment of the awakening of Thaisa with the same episode in other literatures, notably the Brunhilda of Wagner.

33. What philosophy does Pericles display (Sc. iii.) in the face of destiny? On what obligation does he rely in leaving Marina with Cleon?

34. What is the purpose of Sc. iv.?

ACT FOURTH.

35. How long a time elapses between the third and fourth Acts? What does Gower reveal as the basis for the subsequent action of the drama?

36. To what does Dionyza commit Leonine in Sc. i.?

37. How is Marina first introduced to speak for herself? What is her dominant note? In what does she suggest, and in what does she differ from, Perdita?

38. How does Dionyza lure Marina? Comment on the dramatic effectiveness of the rest of the Scene. Recall, if you can, how frequently Shakespeare has used the dramatic device of interposition at the crisis of an action.

39. Does Shakespeare ever deal in the peculiar kind of realism presented by the brothel-scenes of this Act?

40. Would his taste have been repelled by the materials of the scenes or by the way in which they are presented? With what redeeming quality would he doubtless have invested them had he chosen to work with the materials?

41. Compare Dionyza with Lady Macbeth and with the Queen in *Cymbeline*. What points of likeness and unlikeness are there in these three pictures of feminine depravity? Select such notes in this character as seem reminiscent of the earlier and prophetic of the later character.

42. Why has Shakespeare left this character incomplete? Do you recall any similar case in his dramas?

43. What is there defective in the psychology of Lysimachus and of Boult?

ACT FIFTH.

44. How is Marina's life spent after she escapes from the brothel?

45. In what condition of despair is Pericles presented in the fifth Act?

46. Of what does Lysimachus want assurance before offering his hand to Marina?

47. Compare the scene of recognition between Pericles and Marina with similar scenes, such, for example, as that in *Cymbeline*, and comment on the following qualities: reality; pathos; dramatic effectiveness.

48. Explain the music that Pericles hears in advance of the actual music produced according to the stage direction. What is its symbolic significance?

49. What direction does Pericles get from Diana?

50. Compare the recognitions in Sc. iii. with similar scenes in *The Winter's Tale*. Which is the more subtly conceived?

51. Fleay objects to the attribution to Shakespeare of that part of the play which deals with the nuptials of Marina on the ground that "he would not have married Marina to a man whose acquaintance she had first made in a public brothel, to which *his* motives of resort were not recommendatory, however involuntary *her* sojourn there may have been." Is it logical to argue this way, considering the moral anomalies of *Much Ado About Nothing* and of *Measure for Measure*?

52. The Gower speech with which the play ends accounts for the closing days in the life of Cleon and Dionyza. Does this sufficiently negative the assertion of incompleteness made in question 42?

53. Give an account of the metrical peculiarities in this play; of the rhymed lines; of the double endings; of the Alexandrines and the short lines.

54. Resembling *The Winter's Tale* in some structural points, what by comparison does *Pericles* lack in skilful coördination of parts?

55. By what means is the dénouement effected?

56. What do you take to be the underlying philosophy of this play?

Much Ado About Nothing



CLAUDIO: "He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up"
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING *Act* II *Scene* 3

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Preface.

The Editions. A quarto edition of *Much Ado About Nothing* was published in 1600 with the following title-page:—"*Much Adoe About Nothing as it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants Written by William Shakespeare.* London.' (It had previously been entered on the Stationers' Register, August 23, 1600.) No other edition is known to have been published previous to the publication of the First Folio, 1623; the play was evidently printed from a copy of a Quarto in the possession of the Theatre, or of the original MS., corrected for the purposes of the Stage. (*Cp. Facsimile Quarto Edition,* ed. by Mr. Daniel.) There are many minor variations between the Quarto and the First Folio, but most of them seem due to the printer's carelessness.

Date of Composition. As the play is not mentioned by Meres, in 1598, and was printed in 1600, it may be safely assigned to the year 1599, in support of which date the following points are noteworthy:—(1) Probable allusion in the opening scene to a circumstance attending the campaign of the Earl of Essex in Ireland, during the summer of 1599; (2) the character of "Amorphus, or the one Deformed," in *Cynthia's Revels*, 1600, may be compared with "*the one Deformed, a vile thief this seven year*" (*cp.* III. iii. 133-5, 175, 178); (3) the instructions which Dogberry and Verges give to the night-watch may possibly be intended as a burlesque on *The Statutes of the Streets,* imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595.

Source of Plot. The incident of the interrupted marriage is identical with the story of Adriodante and Ginevra in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso,* Canto v.; this had been translated into English by Beverly in 1565, and by Harrington in 1591. The story was dramatised before 1582, and was rendered into English verse by George Turbervile. Later on it found a place in Spenser's *Fairy Queen,* Book ii. Canto iv. Shakespeare may, however, have derived his story from Belleforest's translation in his *Histoires Tragiques* of Bandello's 22nd Novella. It is noteworthy that about the same time the German Dramatist, Jacob Ayrer, founded his play *Beautiful Phœnicia* upon the same tale, and the English and German plays have certain points of resemblance. Possibly they were both indebted to a lost original (*cp.* Cohn's *Shakespeare in Germany*). Dr. Ward sums up the evidence as follows:—"As the date of Ayrer's piece is not known—it may have been written before or after 1600—and as that of Shakspere's is similarly uncertain, it is impossible to decide as to their relative priority. That, however, Ayrer did not copy from Shakspere seems, as Simrock points out, clear from the names of the characters in his play, which follow Bandello, while Shakspere has changed all the names except those of Don Pedro and old Leonato."

General Characteristics. The mixture of tragedy and comedy in this play is so perfectly blended that it may well be regarded as the culminating point of Shakespeare's second period of activity, the period to which belong *Twelfth Night, As You Like It,* and *The Merry Wives*; the metrical tests actually place it last in this group. Beatrice and Benedick should be compared with their prototypes, Rosaline and Biron, and Dogberry and his comrades should be contrasted with the earlier clowns, in order to understand the advance which this play marks in Shakespeare's career. "Perhaps," says Hazlitt, "the middle point of comedy was never more nicely hit, in

which the ludicrous blends with the tender, and our follies, turning round against themselves, in support of our affections, retain nothing but their humanity."

Later Versions of the Play. Two plays were founded upon *Much Ado About Nothing*—(1) Davenant's *Law against Lovers*, which Pepys saw on Feb. 18th, 1661, and (2) *The Universal Passion*, by Rev. James Miller, 1737.

Duration of Action. For a detailed study of the "time" of the play the reader is referred to Mr. Daniel's "Time-Analysis," *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 144. He believes that just as the Prince forgets his determination to stay "at least a month" at Messino, so the "just seven-night" to the wedding was also either forgotten or intentionally set aside, and that only four *consecutive* days are actually included in the action of the drama—

1. Act I., and Act II. i. and ii.
2. Act II. iii., and Act III. i.-iii.
3. Act III. iv. and v.; Act IV.; Act V. i. ii., and part of iii.
4. Act V., part of iii., and iv.



Watchman with bill, lantern, bell and dog.
(From a woodcut in Decker's *English Villanies*, six severall Times prest to Death by the Printers.)

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Don Pedro, prince of Arragon, comes on a visit to Leonato, governor of Messina, accompanied by Benedick and Claudio, two young noblemen who have been serving with him in the wars. Between Benedick and Beatrice, Leonato's niece, there has been a merry war; so that "they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them." On the occasion of this meeting they are true to their reputations for antagonism. Meanwhile, Claudio is attracted once again by Leonato's daughter, Hero. Don Pedro kindly offers to sue to the lady and her father in the young lord's behalf.

II. A masquerade is given by Leonato in honour of visitors. Don Pedro seizes the opportunity to woo Hero, giving her to think that he is Claudio. Don John, an evil-minded natural brother of the prince, seeks to poison Claudio's mind by telling him that Don Pedro is wooing in his own behalf; and Claudio's spirits droop until the lady is actually promised him by her father. Seeing the small piece of villainy come to naught, Don John plots a much larger one. Benedick, on his part, fares badly at the masquerade. Beatrice flouts him so sadly that he is on the point of forsaking her society henceforth, when their friends, believing them to be well matched, decide upon a ruse to arouse their mutual affections. Benedick is made to overhear that Beatrice is in love with him.

III. Beatrice is informed in the same fashion that Benedick loves her. Their hearts become more tender

towards each other. Don John's evil plans are maturing against Hero and Claudio. He brings Claudio and Don Pedro beneath her window on the night before her wedding-day, and makes them believe that they are witnessing a meeting between her and some secret lover. The artifice is caused by Borachio, a follower of Don John, who addresses a waiting-maid as Hero; but the night is too dark to reveal the deception, and it would probably never have been discovered had not some blundering watchmen, by a happy chance, overheard Borachio telling of the adventure. They seize him and try to inform Leonato; but the latter, busied with the arrangements for the marriage, does not stop to listen to their rambling narrative.

IV. Claudio believes Hero faithless, and repudiates her at the very moment of the nuptials. Hero swoons, and by the advice of a friar it is given out that she is dead. Beatrice will not believe her cousin guilty, and demands of Benedick—who has avowed his love—a proof of his devotion in the shape of the life of Claudio, his friend.

V. Leonato is in the depths of despair and humiliation over the evil report concerning his daughter. He upbraids Claudio and wishes to fight him. Benedick challenges Claudio. The testimony of the watchmen finally comes to light, revealing the plot of Don John and the innocence of Hero. Claudio sues for forgiveness, which the generous Leonato grants, on condition that Claudio wed a niece who is said to be much like Hero, but whose face he is not permitted to see until after the marriage ceremony has been performed. Claudio, who had promised any penance, willingly consents to this. His happiness, therefore, is made perfect when the masked lady proves to be Hero, whom he has been mourning as dead. While Beatrice and Benedick, although they find out the trick that has brought them together, are not sorry for it, but stop their bickerings with a kiss.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Beatrice.

Shakspeare has exhibited in Beatrice a spirited and faithful portrait of the fine lady of his own time. The deportment, language, manners and allusions are those of a particular class in a particular age; but the individual and dramatic character which forms the groundwork is strongly discriminated, and being taken from general nature, belongs to every age. In Beatrice, high intellect and high animal spirits meet, and excite each other like fire and air. In her wit (which is brilliant without being imaginative) there is a touch of insolence, not infrequent in women when the wit predominates over reflection and imagination. In her temper, too, there is a slight infusion of the termagant; and her satirical humour plays with such an unrespective levity over all subjects alike, that it required a profound knowledge of women to bring such a character within the pale of our sympathy. But Beatrice, though wilful, is not wayward; she is volatile, not unfeeling. She has not only an exuberance of wit and gayety, but of heart, and soul, and energy of spirit; and is no more like the fine ladies of modern comedy—whose wit consists in a temporary illusion, or a play upon words, and whose petulance is displayed in a toss of the head, a flirt of the fan, or a flourish of the pocket handkerchief;—than one of our modern dandies is like Sir Philip Sidney:

In Beatrice, Shakspeare has contrived that the poetry of the character shall not only soften, but heighten its comic effect. We are not only inclined to forgive Beatrice all her scornful airs, all her biting jests, all her assumption of superiority; but they amuse and delight us the more, when we find her, with all the headlong simplicity of a child, falling at once into the snare laid for her affections; when we see *her*, who thought a man of God's making not good enough for her, who disdained

to be o'ermastered by " a piece of valiant dust," stooping like the rest of her sex, veiling her proud spirit, and taming her wild heart to the loving hand of him whom she had scorned, flouted, and misused, " past the endurance of a block." And we are yet more completely won by her generous, enthusiastic attachment to her cousin. When the father of Hero believes the tale of her guilt; when Claudio, her lover, without remorse or a lingering doubt, consigns her to shame; when the Friar remains silent, and the generous Benedick himself knows not what to say, Beatrice, confident in her affections, and guided only by the impulses of her own feminine heart, sees through the inconsistency, the impossibility of the charge, and exclaims, without a moment's hesitation,

O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

. . . A haughty, excitable, and violent temper is another of the characteristics of Beatrice; but there is more of impulse than of passion in her vehemence. In the marriage scene where she has beheld her gentle-spirited cousin—whom she loves the more for those very qualities which are most unlike her own—slandered, deserted, and devoted to public shame, her indignation, and the eagerness with which she hungers and thirsts after revenge, are, like the rest of her character, open, ardent, impetuous, but not deep or implacable. When she bursts into that outrageous speech—

Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place!

And when she commands her lover, as the first proof of his affection, " to kill Claudio," the very consciousness of the exaggeration,—of the contrast between the real good nature of Beatrice and the fierce tenor of her lan-

guage, keeps alive the comic effect, mingling the ludicrous with the serious. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the point and vivacity of the dialogue, few of the speeches of Beatrice are capable of a general application, or engrave themselves distinctly on the memory; they contain more mirth than matter; and though wit be the predominant feature in the dramatic portrait, Beatrice more charms and dazzles us by what she is than by what she *says*. It is not merely her sparkling repartees and saucy jests, it is the soul of wit, and the spirit of gayety informing the whole character—looking out from her brilliant eyes, and laughing on the full lips that pout with scorn—which we have before us, moving and full of life.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

Beatrice Criticized and Defended.

Mrs. Jameson, in her characters of Shakespeare, concludes with hoping that Beatrice will live happy with Benedick, but I have no such hope; and my final anticipation in reading the play is the certainty that Beatrice will provoke her Benedick to give her much and just conjugal castigation. She is an odious woman. Her own cousin says of her:—

> "Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
> Misprising what they look on; and her wit
> Values itself so highly, that to her
> All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
> Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
> She is so self-endeared."

I once knew such a pair; the lady was a perfect Beatrice; she railed hypocritically at wedlock before her marriage, and with bitter sincerity after it. She and her Benedick now live apart, but with entire reciprocity of

sentiments, each devoutly wishing that the other may soon pass into a better world. Beatrice is not to be compared, but contrasted, with Rosalind, who is equally witty; but the sparkling sayings of Rosalind are like gems upon her head at court, and like dew-drops on her bright hair in the woodland forest.

CAMPBELL: *Introduction to the Play.*

We extract this last criticism, partly in deference to Campbell's general exquisite taste and reverent appreciation of Shakespeare's genius, and partly as an example of the manner in which accidental personal associations influence taste and opinion. The critical poet seems to have unhappily suffered under the caprices or insolence of some accomplished but fantastical female wit, whose resemblance he thinks he recognizes in Beatrice; and then vents the offences of the belle of Edinburgh or London upon her prototype of Messina, or more probably of the court of Queen Elizabeth. Those who, without encountering any such unlucky cause of personal prejudice, have looked long enough upon the rapidly passing generations of wits and beauties in the gay world to have noted their characters as they first appeared, and subsequently developed themselves in after-life, will pronounce a very different judgement. Beatrice's faults are such as ordinarily spring from the consciousness of talent and beauty, accompanied with the high spirits of youth and health, and the play of a lively fancy. Her brilliant intellectual qualities are associated with strong and generous feelings, high confidence in female truth and virtue, warm attachment to her friends, and quick, undisguised indignation at wrong and injustice. There is the rich material, which the experience and the sorrows of maturer life, the affection and the duties of the wife and the mother, can gradually shape into the noblest forms of matronly excellence; and such, we doubt not, was the result shown in the married life of Beatrice.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

IV.

Benedick.

Benedick betrays a lurking partiality for his fascinating enemy; he shows that he has looked upon her with no careless eye when he says,

"There's her cousin [meaning Beatrice], an she were not possessed with a fury, excels her as much in beauty as the first of May does the last of December."

Infinite skill, as well as humour, is shown in making this pair of airy beings the exact counterpart of each other; but of the two portraits, that of Benedick is by far the most pleasing, because the independence and gay indifference of temper, the laughing defiance of love and marriage, the satirical freedom of expression, common to both, are more becoming to the masculine than to the feminine character. Any woman might love such a cavalier as Benedick, and be proud of his affection; his valour, his wit, and his gayety sit so gracefully upon him! and his light scoffs against the power of love are but just sufficient to render more piquant the conquest of this "heretic in despite of beauty." But a man might well be pardoned who should shrink from encountering such a spirit as that of Beatrice, unless, indeed, he had "served an apprenticeship to the taming-school."

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

The wit of Benedick . . . springs more from reflection [than that of Beatrice], and grows with the growth of thought. With all the pungency and nearly all the pleasantry, it lacks the free, spontaneous volubility, of hers. Hence in their skirmishes she always gets the better of him. But he makes ample amends when out of her presence, trundling of jests in whole paragraphs. In short, if his wit be slower, it is also stronger than hers: not so agile in manner, more weighty in matter, it shines

less, but burns more; and as it springs much less out of the occasion, so it will bear repeating much better.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

Benedick's first greeting of Beatrice is as Lady Disdain, and at the masked ball it is his charge against her that she is "disdainful," and disdain is a complaint that scarcely occurs but to a lover; hence it is Hero's charge—

> "No truly, Ursula, she is too *disdainful,*
> I know her spirits are as *coy* and wild
> As haggards of the rock."

He himself betrays himself, when he places his "simple true judgement" of a lady, in opposition to his "custom as professed tyrant to the sex." When Claudio declares his love to Don Pedro, Benedick brings in his own sentiments as to marriage, and turns and engrosses the whole conversation on his proper sentimental idiosyncrasy, with little regard for poor Claudio's suspended communication. After a sharp encounter with the lady, he can still indicate a full appreciation of her beauty, "an she were not possessed with a fury"; and after one still sharper, when she drops a word that is almost unpardonable—"the fool will eat no supper," he advances, for advance it is, one step nearer to self-knowledge in averring, "I would not marry her if——" it matters not what follows, for conditions were indifferent after the thought was once fairly entertained. It is comic and characteristic that the acute, the observant Benedick, never catches a glimpse of the true incitement of the persecution of Beatrice; he supposes a base or bitter disposition—anything rather than the truth that at heart she thoroughly admires him, and would be pleased and flattered to be admired and attended to in turn, and that it is pique and not contemptuousness that arms her tongue. Apparently he has himself, and his self-sufficient parade of superiority to Love—a divinity who will not be insulted with impunity, to thank for his false and uncomfortable position. Beatrice speaks of a

time when they seem to have had more peaceable relations, and he gained a heart of her, though it proved to be with false dice; indifference, however, is almost as dire a crime as treachery in a court of love, especially in the bachelor, and therefore it is that Benedick suffers most by the mutual persecution, and, by the course of his conversation, is justly exposed to far more ridicule than attaches to Beatrice in her recovery, inasmuch as she, though with irregular weapons, was at least vindicating the natural rights of her beauty and attractions.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

V.

Benedick and Beatrice Well Matched.

By her [Beatrice's] side Shakespeare has placed Benedick, a Mercutio redivivus; a youth who is the reverse of amatory, opposed to a maiden who is the reverse of tender. He abhors betrothal and marriage quite as vehemently as she, and is, from the man's point of view, no less scornful of all sentimentality than she, from the woman's; so that he and she, from the first, stand on a warlike footing with each other. In virtue of a profound and masterly psychological observation, Shakespeare presently makes these two suddenly fall in love with each other, over head and ears, for no better reason than that their friends persuade Benedick that Beatrice is secretly pining for love of him, and Beatrice that Benedick is mortally enamoured of her, accompanying this information with high-flown eulogies of both. Their thoughts were already occupied with each other; and now the amatory fancy flames forth in both of them all the more strongly, because it has so long been banked down. And here, where everything was of his own invention and he could move quite freely, Shakespeare has with delicate ingenuity brought the pair together, not by means of empty words, but in a common cause, Beatrice's first advance to Benedick taking place in the form of an

appeal to him for chivalrous intervention in behalf of her innocent cousin.

The reversal in the mutual relations of Benedick and Beatrice is, moreover, highly interesting in so far as it is probably the first instance of anything like careful character-development which we have as yet encountered in any single play of Shakespeare's. In the earlier comedies there was nothing of the kind, and the chronicle-plays afforded no opportunity for it. The characters had simply to be brought into harmony with the given historical events, and in every case Shakespeare held firmly to the character-scheme once laid down. Neither *Richard III.* nor *Henry V.* presents any spiritual history; both kings, in the plays which take their names from them, are one and the same from first to last. Enough has already been said of Henry's change of front with respect to Falstaff in *Henry IV.*; we need only remark further that here the old play of *The Famous Victories* unmistakably pointed the way to Shakespeare. But this melting of all that is hard and frozen in the natures of Benedick and Beatrice is without a parallel in any earlier work, and is quite plainly executed *con amore*. And the real substance of the play lies not in the plot from which it takes its name, but in the relation between these two characters, freely invented by Shakespeare.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VI.

Hero.

It is not every lady—I speak under correction, who, although disposed to be as placable as Hero under grievous insult and injury, would be satisfied with reparation proffered in the exact form, that appears to indicate a promptitude to be consoled, that goes far to cancel the merit of penitence. The veil of Hero would have been thrown down, by some, not to welcome the contrite lover with an

agreeable surprise, but to confound him by the sight of the lost bride, who might claim a right, under the circumstances, to have at least detained his affections; and there must, in fact, be great peculiarity in the love and engagement of the pair, for us to be able to witness the scene, without expecting reproaches on one side, and shame and confusion on the other. The instance of the indignation of Hermione, and the penance she exacts, for a similar outrage, is an extreme contrast, but exhibits the principle of feeling involved. . . .

Hero has to be depicted, and is depicted, of such temper and disposition as will accept this not very complimentary form of reparation, and yet of such susceptibilities as to feel her false accusation acutely, and to interest our esteem and sympathy.

The lady herself is the sweet docile creature, with well-proportioned beauty, intelligence, and disposition for affectionateness, that so frequently accepts her fate from the arrangements of other people, and, with moderate good fortune, may enjoy and confer a temperate happiness in any one of many possible engagements. Benedick's definition of her excellence is all-sufficient. She claims no commendation in excess; yet were she other than she is she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, Benedick and such as he may not like her, but without art, or invitation, or coquetry, she will be one of the last to go through her teens without a husband, notwithstanding.

It is wonderful how Shakespeare has been able to interest us by the mere attractiveness of simple, affectionate, and cheerful disposition in a female character, with scarcely a touch of passion, and for independent will so nearly a nonentity. When Leonato thinks Don Pedro is the suitor for his daughter, he proposes to "acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true." The theory of the communication appears in a subsequent speech:— "Daughter, remember what I told you; if the prince do

solicit you in that kind, you know your answer"; and Hero by her silence, or probably by the courtesy that gives Beatrice her cue, acquiesces. Beatrice has a theory of filial obedience in these matters, that her cousin does not, or has no occasion at least, to dream of. "Yes, faith, it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, 'As it please you,' but yet, for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'" Clearly, if Beatrice is to be fitted with a husband by any will or choice other than her own, it must be managed by a different and far more artificial process. The limits of the independence that Hero was prepared to assert, are marked by a few dextrous touches, in her not ungraceful repartees with the masked Don Pedro; prepared to be wooed, we suspect she is also prepared to consent, yet to indulge withal in those slighter ceremonious holdings off that are the feminine prerogative in the most absolute surrender—their honours of war.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Claudio.

To Claudio we cannot reconcile ourselves. He allows himself to be convinced, by the clumsiest stratagem, that his young bride, in reality as pure and tender as a flower, is a faithless creature, who deceives him the very day before her marriage. Instead of withdrawing in silence, he prefers, like the blockhead he is, to confront her in the church, before the altar, and in the hearing of every one overwhelm her with coarse speeches and low accusations; and he induces his patron, the Prince Don Pedro, and even the lady's own father, Leonato, to join him in heaping upon the unhappy bride their idiotic accusations. When, by the advice of the priest, her relatives have given her out as dead, and the worthy old Leonato has

lied up hill and down dale about her hapless end, Claudio, who now learns too late that he has been duped, is at once taken into favour again. Leonato only demands of him—in accordance with the mediæval fable—that he shall declare himself willing to marry whatever woman he (Leonato) shall assign to him. This he promises, without a word or thought about Hero; whereupon she is placed in his arms. The original spectators, no doubt, found this solution satisfactory; a modern audience is exasperated by it, very much as Nora, in *A Doll's House,* is exasperated on finding that Helmer, after the danger has passed away, regards all that has happened in their souls as though it had never been, merely because the sky is clear again. If ever man was unworthy a woman's love, that man is Claudio. If ever marriage was odious and ill-omened, this is it. The old taleteller's invention has been too much even for Shakespeare's art.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Dogberry.

At first it seems as if Shakspeare intended by the introduction of Dogberry and his ineffective watch merely to interpolate a bit of comic business, by parodying the important phrases and impotent exploits of the suburban constable. But Dogberry's mission extended farther than that, and is intimately woven with delightful unconsciousness on his part into the fortunes of Hero.

Dogberry is not only immortal for that, but his name will never die so long as village communities in either hemisphere elect their guardians of the peace and clothe them in verbose terrors. If the town is unfortunately short of rascals, the officer will fear one in each bush, or extemporize one out of some unbelligerent starveling to show that the majestic instructions of his townsmen have not been wasted on him. This elaborate inefficiency is frequently selected by busy communities, because so few

persons are there clumsy enough to be unemployed. Such a vagrom is easily comprehended. Dogberry has caught up the turns and idioms of sagacious speech, and seems to be blowing them up as life-belts; so he goes bobbing helplessly around in the froth of his talk. 'I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself for the example of others. I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it." He ties his conversation in hopeless knots of absurdity; when pomp takes possession of a vacuous mind, it rattles like the jester's bladder of dried pease. Have not his fellow-citizens invested him? He will then lavish the selectest phrases. I heard a village politician once say with scorn in town meeting, "Mr. Moderator, I know nothing about your technalities." Dogberry is the most original of Malaprops, says to the Prince's order that it shall be suffigance, and tells the watch that salvation were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them. He has furnished mankind with that adroit phrase of conversational escape from compromise, "Comparisons are odorous." Where common men would suspect a person, Dogberry says the person is auspicious. His brain seems to be web-footed, and tumbles over itself in trying to reach swimming water; as when he says, "Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly." This is the precipitancy of a child's reasoning.

His own set do not discover by his malapropisms how futile he is, for their ears are accustomed to this misplacing of terms; which, indeed, is not uncommon among people of stronger native sense. Even the spelling-book and primer are not prophylactic against this failing, which seems to be owing to cerebral inability to keep words from gadding about with each other after they have once entered the mind: a laxness between notions and memory which results in verbal hybridity, as when a man, who was

well informed enough, used to say, when the castors were passed, that he never took condignments with his food; and the Western lawyer said of a man that he could not tell a story without embezzlements. . . .

Dogberry has a pondering look and a fribbling emphasis. He rolls the plump phrases over and over like a quid, but ejects them with a kind of strenuous drivel. He makes pauses, as if discriminating the juiciest reflection, but really settles at random, like a pigeon whose brain has been vivisected; so he concludes that, if a man will not stand when he is bid to, he may go; and that, though a thief ought to be arrested, they that touch pitch will be defiled; and that, on the whole, it is better to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Thus he attains to the merit of genius when it chips the egg and lets loose the struggling chick of the ordinary mind. He voices the perplexity of the watch, and lends to it the color of concession and sagacious compromise. It is exactly what old Verges thought but did not know how to incubate into definite expression. So all the people who sit upon political fences, and find the edge growing inconvenient, welcome the pad which postpones the necessity for a jump to either side.

Dogberry admires and cossets his own authority, but is too timid to enforce it save with poor old Verges, whose mental feebleness is an exact shadow of Dogberry's; and the latter manages to step upon himself in amusing unconsciousness. "An old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were." A good old man, sir; but he will gabble. All men are not alike, alas! So he goes on, dismissing himself, and slamming to the door without observing it.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

Most delightful is the contradiction between appearance and reality, between subjective conception and objective reality, as we have it exhibited in the Clown of the piece,

the dutiful constable Dogberry, who considers his position so very important and maintains it so zealously, but who is always uttering contradictory maxims and precepts; who is so presumptuous and yet so modest; who looks at things with so correct an eye and yet pronounces such foolish judgements; talks so much and yet says so little, in fact, perpetually contradicts himself, giving orders for what he advises to be left undone, entreating to be registered an ass, and yet is the very one to discover the *nothing* which is the cause of the *much ado*. He is the chief representative of that view of life upon which the whole is based, inasmuch as its comic power is exhibited most strongly and most directly in him. For this contrast, which, in accordance with its nature, usually appears divided between its two poles, is, so to say, individualised in him, that is, united in the one individual and fully reflected in his inconsistent and ever contradictory doings and resolves, thoughts and sayings. Dogberry personifies, if we may say so, the spirit and meaning of the whole, and, therefore, plays essentially the same part as the Fool in *Twelfth Night,* Touchstone in *As You Like It*, Launce in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and the majority of the clowns in Shakspeare's comedies. Besides this, he is also an important character in so far as it is he who discovers the rascally trick of Don John and his accomplice which gives rise to the whole complication; in fact, the comic caprice of accident delights in employing the most comic of all characters, the clowns *par excellence,* to bring to light that which it was indeed easy enough to discover, which, however, the sense of the sensible personages did not perceive. At all events our point of view gives an easy and simple explanation as to why Shakspeare conferred the difficult task of unravelling the entangled knot upon such a peculiarly foolish fellow as Dogberry, and why he made him the clown of the piece and conceived his character in this and in no other light.

Ulrici: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

IX.

Don John.

In the person of Don John, the poet has depicted mere unmixed evil, and has disdained to supply a motive for his vile action in any single injury received, or desire unsatisfied. Don John is one of the sour, envious natures which suck poison from all sources, because they suffer from the perpetual sense of being unvalued and despised. He is, for the moment, constrained by the forbearance with which his victorious brother has treated him, but "if he had his mouth he would bite." And he does bite, like the cur and coward he is, and makes himself scarce when his villainy is about to be discovered. He is an ill-conditioned, base, and tiresome scoundrel; and, although he conscientiously does evil for evil's sake, we miss in him all the defiant and brilliantly sinister qualities which appear later on in Iago and in Edmund. There is little to object to in Don John's repulsive scoundrelism; at most we may say that it is a strange motive-power for a comedy.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

X.

General.

The interest in the plot is always in fact on account of the characters, not *vice versa,* as in almost all other writers; the plot is a mere canvas and no more. Hence arises the true justification of the same stratagem being used in regard to Benedick and Beatrice—the vanity in each being alike. Take away from the *Much Ado About Nothing* all that which is not indispensable to the plot, either as having little to do with it, or, at best, like Dogberry and his comrades, forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action—

take away Benedick, Beatrice, Dogberry, and the reaction of the former on the character of Hero—and what will remain? In other writers the main agent of the plot is always the prominent character: in Shakespeare it is so, or is not so, as the character is in itself calculated, or not calculated, to form the plot. Don John is the mainspring of the plot of this play; but he is merely shown and then withdrawn.

COLERIDGE.

When we turn to the old stories upon which Shakespeare based his plays, we get, perhaps, a deeper impression of his essential originality than we should were the plots wholly his own, whatever might be their merits as plots. We are brought, in this way, to a deeper sense of the workings of the inner spirit which subjected all its appropriations to its own creative purpose. We see that the work grew from what the workman had within himself, and not merely from following what others had done before him. We see that the old story has been less worked into, than employed as the scaffolding of, his dramatic structure. . . .

The life and the main interest of *Much Ado About Nothing* are due to characters which, so far as we know, were entirely original with Shakespeare, namely, Benedick and Beatrice, Dogberry and Verges. The other characters have prototypes in the original story, which is found under various forms, the earliest being the tale of Ariodante and Ginevra, in the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto.

CORSON: *An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare.*

[*Much Ado About Nothing*] is brilliant, spirited, charged with vivacity, and sparkling with wit; it is a masterpiece of keen characterization, of flashing conversation, of striking contrasts of type, and of intellectual energy, playing freely and buoyantly against a background of exquisite beauty. The dramatist was now

completely emancipated from his earlier teachers, and had secured entire command of his own genius and of the resources of comedy as a literary form. In this splendid creation of his happiest mood in his most fortunate years, the prophecy of sustained and flashing interchange of wit in Lyly's court plays is amply fulfilled, and the promise of individual power of characterization clearly discerned in Biron and Rosaline is perfectly realized in Benedict and Beatrice; while Dogberry and Verges mark the perfection of Shakespeare's skill in drawing blundering clowns. In this play the blending of the tragic and humorous or comic is so happily accomplished that the two contrasting elements flow together in a vital and exquisite harmony of experience, full of tenderness, loyalty, audacity, and brilliancy; the most comprehensive contrast of character is secured in Hero and Claudio, Benedict and Beatrice, as chief actors in the drama, with Dogberry and Verges as centres of interest in the minor or subsidiary plot. Hazlitt declares with reference to this play that perhaps "the middle point of comedy was never more nicely hit, in which the ludicrous blends with the tender, and our follies, turning round against themselves in support of our affections, retain nothing but their humanity." In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Shakespeare drew with a free hand the large and rather coarse qualities of English middle-class life; in *Much Ado About Nothing* he presented a study of life in the highest stage of the social order, touched at all points with distinction of insight, characterization, and taste. The gayety and brilliancy of the great world as contrasted with the little world of rural and provincial society are expressed with a confidence and consistency which indicate that the poet must have known something of the court circle and of the accomplished women who moved in it.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

Much Ado About Nothing.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Don Pedro, *prince of Arragon.*
Don John, *his bastard brother.*
Claudio, *a young lord of Florence.*
Benedick, *a young lord of Padua.*
Leonato, *governor of Messina.*
Antonio, *his brother.*
Balthasar, *attendant on Don Pedro.*
Conrade, Borachio, } *followers of Don John.*
Friar Francis.
Dogberry, *a constable.*
Verges, *a headborough.*
A Sexton.
A Boy.

Hero, *daughter to Leonato.*
Beatrice, *niece to Leonato.*
Margaret, Ursula, } *gentlewomen attending on Hero.*

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, etc.

Scene, *Messina.*

Much Ado About Nothing.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him: even so much, that

joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he 's returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he 'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there 's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is 't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat: it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the

taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, Benedick, and Balthasar.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend

Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*To Don John*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.*

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she 's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there 's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio; I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short his answer is;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat

winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord: not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she 's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.
D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?
Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.
D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I 'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato and Antonio, meeting.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news, that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Enter attendants.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou sayest thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in

my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter Borachio.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what 's to be done?

Bora. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A hall in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and

money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she 's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns'; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here 's no place for you maids': so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter

for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [*To Hero*] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I 'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad

legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink a-pace into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room. [*All put on their masks.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar, Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Drawing her aside.*

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!
Balth. Amen.
Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.
Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.
Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.
Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.
Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.
Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here 's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.
Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there 's an end.
Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?
Bene. No, you shall pardon me.
Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?
Bene. Not now.
Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the ' Hundred Merry Tales ':—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.
Bene. What 's he?
Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.
Bene. Not I, believe me.
Beat. Did he never make you laugh?
Bene. I pray you, what is he?
Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible

slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I 'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do; he 'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there 's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love; he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues:
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that 's spoken like an honest drovier: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you 'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I 'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where 's the count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What 's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet

in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Re-enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies; rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here 's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I 'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every

one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt; I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your Grace pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your Grace's pardon. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There 's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how

to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as, —in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Leonato's orchard.

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Boy!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier:

and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet,—just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I 'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that 's certain; wise, or I 'll none; virtuous, or I 'll never cheapen her; fair, or I 'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?
Claud. Yes, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!
D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?
Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We 'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter Balthasar with Music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we 'll hear that song again.
Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.
D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency

To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes;
There 's not a note of mine that 's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crochets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [*Air.*

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all 's done.

THE SONG.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.
Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy:
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for tomorrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exit Balthasar.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never coun-

terfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that 's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she 'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her; 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She 's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not; and she will die, ere she make her love known; and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he 'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God! and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that 's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that 's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*

Bene. [*Coming forward*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair,—'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous,—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me,—by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I

will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she 's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner'; there 's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me'; that 's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Leonato's orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I 'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter Beatrice, behind.

Now begin;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[*Approaching the bower.*

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggerds of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward; if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit!
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No, rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I 'll devise some honest slanders

To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!
She cannot be so much without true judgement,—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have,—as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:
I 'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She 's limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*

Beat. [*Coming forward*] What fire is in mine ears?
Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I 'll bring you thither, my lord, if you 'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there 's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love; if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That 's as much as to say, the sweet youth 's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now

crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Benc. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What 's the matter?

D. John. [*To Claudio*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage,—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what 's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess

not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

First Watch. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sec. Watch. How if a' will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-

houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child crying in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge:—you, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night. Come, neighbour.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigitant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [*Aside*] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool 's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch [*Aside*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No: 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window,

sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

Sec. Watch. You 'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,— 180

First Watch. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we 'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Hero's apartment.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit.*

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I 'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin 's a fool, and thou art another: 10 I 'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown 's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth 's but a night-gown in respect of yours,—cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband': an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I 'll offend nobody: is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap 's into 'Light o' love'; that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I 'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you 'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there 's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin: I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there 's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dog. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, God 's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I 'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examine these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you;

here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, and attendants.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Benc. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.
There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She 's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I 'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*Hero swoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick!
Friar!

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirched thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said, 'No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her,—why, she, O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,

If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,

Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,

Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason: I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We 'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene ii.

A prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that 's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

Con. } Yea, sir, we hope.
Bora. }

Dog. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah: a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that 's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down, Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God 's my life, where 's the sexton? let him write down, the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet

forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a house-holder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,

In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem'! when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give perceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords,—
D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.
Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.
D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I 'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that 's no matter; let him kill one first;
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me:
Sir boy, I 'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antiquely, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—
Ant. Come, 'tis no matter:
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.
D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.
Leon. My lord, my lord,—
D. Pedro. I will not hear you.
Leon. No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard.
Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.
[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*
D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Enter Benedick.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?
Bene. Good day, my lord.
D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.
Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.
D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.
Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.
Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?
Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?
D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?
Claud. Never any did so, though very many have

been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. [*Aside to Claudio*] You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast, a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I 'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit

the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit': 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit': 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise': 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues': 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there 's a double tongue; there 's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'?

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother the

bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and till then peace be with him. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I 'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee.

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dog. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified

unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what 's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there 's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what 's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments: how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?
Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.
D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery:
And fled he is upon this villany.
Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.
Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time
our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the
matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify,
when time and place shall serve, that I am an
ass.
Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato,
and the sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?
Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.
Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?
Bora. Yea, even I alone.
Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds:
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
Claud. I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I:
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that 's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white

and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There 's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I 'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. [*To the Watch*] Bring you these fellows on.
We 'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

Scene II.

Leonato's garden.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Exit Margaret.*

[*Sings*] The god of love,
That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge;

and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love,—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there 's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question: why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.
Bene. And how do you?
Beat. Very ill too.
Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder 's old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?
Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?
Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and three or four with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?
A Lord. It is, my lord.
Claud. [*Reading out of a scroll.*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed 's
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula, Friar Francis, and Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
[*Exeunt Ladies.*
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince: but what 's your will?
Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:

But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage:
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, and two or three others.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I 'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother; here 's the friar ready.
[*Exit Antonio.*
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what 's the matter.
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man; we 'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
Claud. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Re-enter Antonio, with the Ladies masked.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then she 's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand: before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife:
[*Unmasking.*
And when you loved, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero!
Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defiled; but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify:
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I 'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?
Beat. [*Unmasking*] I answer to that name. What is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.
Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio
Have been deceived; they swore you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.
Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I 'll be sworn upon 't that he loves her;
For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
Hero. And here 's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
Bene. A miracle! here 's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.
Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*
D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?
Bene. I 'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends: let 's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We 'll have dancing afterward. 120

Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is tak'n in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I 'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers. [*Dance. Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abused, deceived; V. ii. 100.

Accordant, favourable; I. ii. 13.

Adam; alluding to the outlaw Adam Bell, famous as an archer (*cp.* Percy's Reliques); I. i. 259.

Advertisement, moral instruction; V. i. 32.

Afeard, afraid; II. iii. 153.

Affect, love; I. i. 296.

Affection, desire; II. ii. 6.

After, afterwards; I. i. 326.

Agate; an allusion to the little figures cut in agates, often worn in rings; a symbol of smallness; III. i. 65.

Aim; "a. better at me," form a better opinion of me; III. ii. 95.

Alliance; "Good Lord for al." *i.e.* "Heaven send me a husband." or "Good Lord, how many alliances are forming!"; II. i. 321.

Alms; "an alms" = a charity; II. iii. 159.

Ancientry, old fashioned manners; II. i. 77.

Angel, a gold coin (with pun upon *noble* and *angel,* both coins); II. iii. 35.

Answer; "to your a.," *i.e.* "to answer for your conduct"; V. i. 231.

Antique, antic, buffoon; III. i. 63.

Antiquely, fantastically; V. i. 96.

Apes; a reference to the old superstition that old maids had to lead apes in hell; II. i. 40.

Appear itself, appear as a reality; I. ii. 20.

Apprehension; "professed ap.," *i.e.* "set up for a wit"; III. iv. 65.

Approved, tried, proved; II. i. 384; IV. i. 45.

Argument, subject (for satire); I. i. 256; proof; II. iii. 235.

At a word = in a word; II. i. 114.

Ate, goddess of Fury and Mischief; II. i. 257.

Baldrick, belt; I. i. 242.

Bear in hand, keep in (false) hope; IV. i. 303.

Bear-ward (Quartos, Folios, read berrord; other eds., bear-herd), bear-leader; II. i. 40. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Beaten; "b. with brains," *i.e.* mocked; V. iv. 102.

Bel; "God Bel's priests" alludes to some representation in stained glass of the story of *Bel and the Dragon*; III. iii. 138.



From a copper-plate illustrating London Cries of the time of James I.

Below stairs; "shall I always keep below stairs," an expression of doubtful meaning; probably = "in the servant's room"; hence "remain unmarried"; V. ii. 10.

Bent, tension, straining (properly an expression of archery); II. iii. 224; disposition; IV. i. 187.

Bills; "set up his bills," *i.e.* "posted his challenge, like a fencing-master"; I. i. 37.

Bills, pikes carried by watchmen; III. iii. 43.

Bills, used quibblingly for (1) bonds, and (2) watchmen's halberds; III. iii. 184.

Bird-bolt, a short arrow with a broad flat end, used to kill birds without piercing; I. i. 40.

Black, dark-complexioned; III. i. 63.

Blazon, explanation; II. i. 298.

Block, wooden model for shaping hats; I. i. 75.

Blood, temperament; I. iii. 28; passion; II. i. 181.

Bloods, young fellows; III. iii. 145.

Boarded, accosted; II. i. 144.

Books; "not in your books," *i.e.* "not in your good books"; I. i. 77.

Borrows; "b. money in God's name," *i.e.* "begs it"; V. i. 315.

Bottle, a small wooden barrel; I. i. 257.

Brave, becoming, fitting; V. iv. 128.

Break, broach the subject; I. i. 309, 326.

Breathing = breathing-space; II. i. 367.

Bring, accompany; III. ii. 3.

Bucklers; "I give thee the b.," *i.e.* "I yield thee the victory"; V. ii. 17.

By, concerning; V. i. 309.

Candle-wasters, those who burn the midnight oil, bookworms; V. i. 18.

Canker, canker-rose; I. iii. 27.

Capon, used as a term of contempt (? a pun, according to some = "a fool's cap on"); V. i. 155.

Carduus; "C. Benedictus," the holy-thistle; a plant supposed to cure all diseases, including the plague; III. iv. 70.

Care killed a cat, an old proverbial expression; V. i. 132.

Career; "in the c.," *i.e.* "in tilting, as at a tournament"; V. i. 135.

Carpet-mongers, carpet-knights; V. ii. 32.

Carriage, bearing, deportment; I. iii. 29.

Carry, carry out; II. iii. 215.

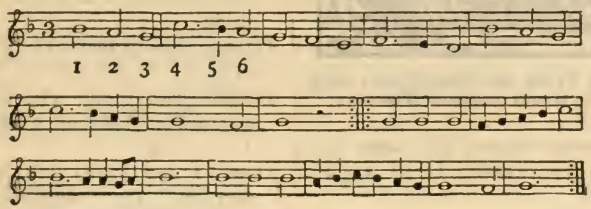
Carving, modelling, fashioning; II. iii. 18.

Censured, judged; II. iii. 225.

Charge, burden; I. i. 101; commission, office; III. iii. 7.

Cheapen, bid for; II. iii. 33.

Cinque-pace, a lively kind of dance; II. i. 74, 79. (*Cp.* accompanying specimens.)



From Naylor's Shakespeare and Music.

Circumstances; "c. shortened," *i.e.* "to omit details"; III. ii. 101.

Civet, a perfume made from the civet-cat; III. ii. 49.

Civil, used quibblingly, with a play upon "civil" and "Seville"; II. i. 296.

Claw, flatter; I. iii. 18.

Cog, to deceive, especially by smooth lies; V. i. 95.

Coil; confusion, III. iii. 97; old coil = much ado, great stir, "the devil to pay"; V. ii. 98.

Coldly, quietly; III. ii. 128.

Commodity, any kind of merchandise; III. iii. 183.

Company, companionship; V. i. 191.

Comprehended, blunder for "apprehended"; III. v. 49.

Conceit, conception; II. i. 300.

Conditions, qualities; III. ii. 65.

Confirmed, unmoved; V. iv. 17.

Consummate, consummated; III. ii. 1.

Contemptible, contemptuous; II. iii. 181.

Controlment, constraint; I. iii. 20.

Conveyance; "impossible c.," incredible dexterity; II. i. 246.

Count Comfect, i.e. "Count Sugarplum," with probably a play upon *conte* or *compte,* a fictitious story; IV. i. 316.

Countics, counts; IV. i. 315.

County, count; II. i. 189, 359.

Courtesies, mere forms of courtesy; IV. i. 320.

Courtesy = curtsey; II. i. 53.
Cousins, kinsmen, enrolled among the dependants of great families, little more than attendants; I. ii. 23.
Cross; "broke c.," *i.e.* "broke athwart the opponent's body" (an expression taken from tilting); V. i. 139.
Cuckold with horns; II. i. 43.



From Taylor the Water-Poet's tract "The World runnes on Wheeles ..." (1623).

Cunning, clever; V. i. 232.
Curst, shrewish; II. i. 20, 21, etc.

Daff, put off; V. i. 78.
Daffed, put aside; II. iii. 170.
Dangerous, threatening; V. i. 97.
Deadly, mortally; V. i. 177.
Dear happiness, a precious piece of good fortune; I. i. 127.
Decerns = a blunder for "concerns"; III. v. 3.
Defend, forbid; II. i. 94.
Defiled (the reading of the Quartos, omitted in the Folio), defiled by slander; V. iv. 63.
Deprave, practise detraction: V. i. 95.
Difference, used technically; "heraldic differences" distinguish the bearers of the same coat armour, and demonstrate their nearness to the representative of the family; I. i. 67.
Discover, reveal; III. ii. 92.
Discovered, revealed; I. ii. 11.
Division, order, arrangement; V. i. 227.
Doctor, a learned person; V. i. 204.
Don Worm (Conscience was formerly represented under the symbol of a worm); V. ii. 84.
Dotage, doting love; II. iii. 169, 216.
Double-dealer, one who is unfaithful in love or wedlock; V. iv. 114.
Doublet and hose; "in his d. and h.," *i.e.* "without his cloak"; alluding to the custom of taking off the cloak before fighting a duel; V. i. 202.
Doubt, suspect; V. i. 118.
Draw, draw the bow of a fiddle (according to others, draw the instruments from their cases); V. i. 128.
Drovier = drover; II. i. 195.
Dry hand (a sign of a cold and chaste nature); II. i. 118.
Dumb-show, a pantomime; II. iii. 218.
Dumps, low spirits; II. iii. 73.

Earnest, handsel, part payment; II. i. 39.
Ecstasy, madness; II. iii. 152.
Eftest, quickest (perhaps a blunder for "deftest"); IV. ii. 35.
Embassage, embassy; I. i. 280.
Engaged, pledged; IV. i. 332.
Entertained, employed; I. iii. 58.
Europa, Europe (used quibblingly); V. iv. 45-6.
Even, plain; IV. i. 264.
Every day, immediately, without delay, as the French *incessamment*; perhaps "E. to-morrow" = "every day (after) to-morrow"; III. i. 101.
Excommunication, blunder for "communication"; III. v. 67.
Exhibition; "e. to examine," possibly a blunder for "examination to exhibit"; IV. ii. 5.
Experimental; "e. seal," *i.e.* "the seal of experience"; IV. i. 167.

Faith, fidelity in friendship; I. i. 73; honour, pledge; V. iv. 8.
Fancy, love; III. ii. 31.
Fashion-monging, foppish; V. i. 94.
Fathers herself, is like her father; I. i. 110.
Favour, countenance; II. i. 94.
Fence, skill in fencing; V. i. 75.
Festival terms, not in everyday language; V. ii. 41.
Fetch me in, draw me into a confession; I. i. 223.
Fine, conclusion; I. i. 245.
Fleer, sneer; V. i. 58.
Fleet, company; II. i. 143.
Flight, shooting with the flight, a kind of light and well-feathered arrow; I. i. 38.
Flout; "f. old ends," *i.e.* make fun of old endings of letters; I. i. 288.
Flouting Jack, mocking rascal; I. i. 184.
Foining, thrusting; V. i. 84.
Frame, order, disposition of things; IV. i. 129.
Framed, devised; V. i. 71.
From, away from; "f. all fashions," averse to all fashions, eccentric; III. i. 72.
Full; "you have it full," *i.e.* "you are fully answered"; I. i. 108.
Full, fully; III. i. 45.
Furnish, to dress; III. i. 103.

Girdle; "to turn his girdle," to give a challenge (alluding to the practice of turning the large buckle of the girdle behind one previously to challenging any one); V. i. 142.
God save the Foundation! (the customary phrase employed by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses); V. i. 324.
Go in = join with you in; I. i. 186.
Good den, good evening; III. ii. 79.

Good-year, supposed to be a corruption of *goujère,* a disease; used as a mild imprecation; I. iii. 1.

Go to the world, to marry; II. i. 321.

Grace, favour; I. iii. 22.

Gracious, attractive; IV. i. 108.

Grant; the fairest grant = "the best boon is that which answers the necessities of the case"; I. i. 317.

Great Cham, the Khan of Tartary; II. i. 271.

Guarded, ornamented; I. i. 286.

Guards, ornaments; I. i. 287.

Guerdon, recompense; V. iii. 5.

H, i.e. ache; the latter word and the name of the letter were pronounced alike; III. iv. 53.

Haggards, wild, untrained hawks; III. i. 36.

Half-pence, very small pieces; II. iii. 142.



From an engraving by F. W. Fairholt.

Happiness; "outward happiness," *i.e.* "prepossessing appearance"; II. iii. 184.

Hare-finder, one skilled to find the hare; with perhaps a play upon "hair-finder"; I. i. 184.

Head; "to thy head" = "to thy face"; V. i. 62.

Hearken after, inquire into: V. i. 214.

"Heigh-ho for a hundred," the title of an old ballad still extant (*cp.* III. iv. 51, 52); II. i. 323.

Height, highest degree; IV. i. 301.

High-proof, in a high degree; V. i. 123.

Hobby-horses (used as a term of contempt); III. ii. 71.

Hold it up, continue it; II. iii. 124.

Holds; "h. you well," thinks well of you; III. ii. 97.

How, however; III. i. 60.

"Hundred Merry Tales," a popular jest-book of the time (included in Hazlitt's Collection of Shakespeare Jest-Books, 1864); II. i. 130.

Important, importunate; II. i. 71.

Impose me to, impose upon me; V. i. 279.

In, with; II. i. 65.

Incensed, instigated; V. i. 240.

Infinite, infinite stretch, utmost power; II. iii. 105.

In respect of = in comparison with; III. iv. 17.

Intend, pretend; II. ii. 34.

In that, inasmuch as; V. iv. 109.

Invention, mental activity; IV. i. 195.

Inwardness, intimacy; IV. i. 246.

Jacks (used as a term of contempt); V. i. 91.

Just, that is so; II. i. 27.

Kid-fox, young fox; II. iii. 44.
Kind, natural; I. i. 26.
Kindly, natural; IV. i. 74.

Lapwing, a reference to the habit of the female green plover; when disturbed on its nest it runs close to the ground a short distance without uttering any cry, while the male bird keeps flying round the intruder, uttering its peculiar cry very rapidly and loudly, and trying, by every means, to draw him in a contrary direction from the nest; III. i. 24.
Large, "large jests," broad jests; II. iii. 198.
Large, free, licentious; IV. i. 52.
Leap'd, covered; V. iv. 49.
Learn, teach; IV. i. 30.
Lewd, depraved; V. i. 339.
Liberal, licentious; IV. i. 92.
Light o' Love, a popular old dance tune, often referred to; III. iv. 42.
Limed, snared as with birdlime; III. i. 104.
Liver (used as "heart" for the seat of love); IV. i. 232.
Lock, a love-lock; III. iii. 176.
Lock; "he wears a key in his ear, and a l. hanging by it," a quibbling allusion to the "love-locks" worn at the time, and perhaps to the fashion of wearing roses in the ears; V. i. 316.



From a portrait of Christian IV. of Denmark.

Lodge, the hut occupied by the watchman in a rabbit-warren; II. i. 216.
Low, short; III. i. 65.
Lustihood, vigour; V. i. 76.
Luxurious, lustful; IV. i. 41.

March-chick, chicken hatched in March, denoting precocity; I. iii. 56.
Marl, a kind of clay; II. i. 63.
Match, mate, marry; II. i. 64.
Matter, sense, seriousness; II. i. 335.
Matter; "no such matter," nothing of the kind; II. iii. 217.
May, can; IV. i. 265.
Measure, used quibblingly in double sense in connection with dance; II. i. 72.
Medicinable, medicinal; II. ii. 5.
Meet with, even with; I. i. 45.

Merely, entirely; II. iii. 218.
Metal, material; II. i. 59.
Misgovernment, misconduct; IV. i. 99.
Misprising, despising; III. i. 52.
Misprision, mistake; IV. i. 186.
Misuse, deceive; II. ii. 28.
Misused, abused; II. i. 240.
Moe, more; II. iii. 72.
Monument; "in m." = "in men's memory"; V. ii. 79.
Moral, hidden meaning, like the moral of a fable; III. iv. 75.
Moral, ready to moralise; V. i. 30.
Mortifying, killing; I. iii. 12.
Mountain, a great heap, a huge amount; II. i. 371.
Mountanta, i.e. montanta, a term in fencing, "an upright blow or thrust," applied by Beatrice to Benedick; I. i. 30.

Near, dear to; II. i. 163.
Neighbours; the time of "good n.," *i.e.* "when men were not envious of one another"; V. ii. 77.
New-trothed, newly betrothed; III. i. 38.
Night-gown, dressing gown; III. iv. 17.
Night-raven, the owl or the night-heron; II. iii. 84.
Noncome; "to a n.," probably = to be *non compos mentis*; III. v. 65.
Nothing, pronounced much in the same way as "noting"; hence the pun here on "nothing" and "no-ting"; II. iii. 59.
Nuptial, marriage ceremony; IV. i. 68.

Of, by; I. i. 124.
Off, away from; III. v. 9.
On, of; IV. i. 138.
Only, alone, of all others; I. iii. 40.
Opinioned, a blunder for "pinioned"; IV. ii. 66.
Orchard, garden; I. ii. 9.
Orthography = orthographer, one who uses fine words; II. iii. 21.
Out-facing, facing the matter out with looks; V. i. 94.
Over-borne, overcome; II. iii. 152.

Pack'd, implicated; V. i. 305.
Palabras, i.e. pocas palabras (Spanish) = "few words"; III. v. 18.
Partridge wing (formerly considered the most delicate part of the bird); II. i. 150.
Passing, exceedingly; II. i. 81.
Passion, emotion; V. i. 23.
Pent-house, a porch or shed with sloping roof; III. iii. 107.
Philemon's roof; an allusion to the story of the peasant Philemon and his Baucis, who received Jupiter into their thatched cottage; II. i. 96.



From an engraving of an old timber-house in the market place at Stratford-on-Avon.

Piety, Dogberry's blunder for "impiety"; IV. ii. 78.

Pigmies, a race of dwarfs fabled to dwell beyond Mount Imaus in India; II. i. 272.



This curious fanciful representation is reproduced from MS. Bibl. Reg. 17 c. 38.

Pikes, central spikes screwed into the bucklers or shields, of the 16th century; V. ii. 21.

Pitch; "they that touch pitch," etc., a popular proverb derived from *Ecclesiasticus* xiii. 1; III. iii. 60.

Pleached, interwoven; III. i. 7.

Pleasant, merry; I. i. 36.

Pluck up, rouse thyself; V. i. 205.

Possess, inform; V. i. 287.

Possessed, influenced; III. iii. 159.

Practice, contrivance, plotting; IV. i. 189.

Preceptial; "p. medicine," *i.e.* "the medicine of precepts"; V. i. 24.

Present, represent; III. iii. 78.

Presently, immediately; II. ii. 56.

Press; an allusion to the punishment known as the *peine forte et dure*, which consisted of piling heavy weights on the body; III. i. 76.

Prester John, Presbyter John, a mythical Christian King of



From a MS. (Bibl. Reg. 17 c. 38 of Mandeville of the XVth Cent.)

India, of whose wonders Mandeville tells us much; II. i. 270.

Prized, estimated; III. i. 90.

Prohibit (used amiss by Dogberry); V. i. 333.

Prolong'd, deferred; IV. i. 255.

Proof; "your own p.," *i.e.* "in your own trial of her"; IV. i. 45.

Proper, handsome; II. iii. 183.

Properest, handsomest; V. i. 173.

Propose, conversation; III. i. 12.

Proposing, conversing; III. i. 3.

Push; "made a push at," *i.e.* "defied"; V. i. 38.

Qualify, moderate; V. iv. 67.

Queasy, squeamish; II. i. 389.

Question; "in q.," *i.e.* "under trial, subject to judicial examination"; III. iii. 185.

Question = that 's the question; V. ii. 82.

Question, investigation; V. iv. 6.

Quips, sarcasms; II. iii. 241.

Quirks, shallow conceits; II. iii. 237.

Quit, requite; IV. i. 201.

Rabato, collar, ruff; III. iv. 6.

Rack, stretch, exaggerate; IV. i. 221.

Reasons (punning, according to some commentators, upon "reasons" and "raisins"); V. i. 209.



From a Monument in Ashford Church, Kent.

Recheat, a term of the chase; the call sounded to bring the dogs back; I. i. 240.

Reclusive, secluded; IV. i. 243.

Redemption, a blunder for "perdition"; IV. ii. 56.

Reechy, reeky, dirty; III. iii. 137.

Reformed, Dogberry's blunder for "informed"; V. i. 260.

Remorse, compassion; IV. i. 212.

Render, give back; IV. i. 29.

Reportingly, on mere report; III. i. 116.

Reprove, disprove; II. iii. 233.

Reverence, privilege of age; V. i. 64.

Rheum, tears; V. ii. 83.

Right; "do me right," give me satisfaction; V. i. 147.

Sad, serious; I. i. 183; I. iii. 60; II. i. 348-9.

Sadly, seriously; II. iii. 221.

Salved, palliated; I. i. 315.

Saturn; "born under S.," *i.e.* "of a saturnine or phlegmatic disposition"; I. iii. 11.

Scab, used quibblingly for (1) sore, and (2) a low fellow; III. iii. 104.

Scambling, scrambling; V. i. 94.

Seeming, hypocrisy; IV. i. 56.

Self-endeared, self-loving; III. i. 56.

Sentences, sententious sayings; II. iii. 241.

Seven-night; "a just s.," *i.e.* "exactly a week"; II. i. 364.

Shape of two countries; III. ii. 34.



"I am an Englishman and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mynde what rayment I shall were;
For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
Now I will were I cannot tell what."
(From Borde's 'Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge.')

Shaven Hercules, probably alludes to Hercules, shaved to look like a woman, while in the service of Omphale; III. iii. 139.

Shrewd, shrewish; II. i. 19.

Side, long; III. iv. 19.

Sigh; "sigh away Sundays," possibly an allusion to the Puritans' Sabbath; according to others the phrase signifies that a man has no rest at all; I. i. 202.

Slanders, misapplied by Dogberry for "slanderers"; V. i. 219.

Slops, large loose breeches; III. ii. 36.

Smirched, soiled; III. iii. 139.

Smoking, fumigating; I. iii. 59.

So, if; II. i. 88.

Soft you, hold, stop; V. i. 207.

Sort, rank; I. i. 7; I. i. 33.

Sort, turn out; V. iv. 7.

Speed's, i.e. speed us; V. iii. 32.

Spell; "s. him backward," misconstrue him; III. i. 61.

Squarer, quarreller; I. i. 80.

Staff, lance; V. i. 138.

Stale, harlot; IV. i. 65.

Stalk, walk, like a fowler behind a stalking-horse; II. iii. 95.

Start-up, up-start; I. iii. 66.

Stomach, appetite; I. iii. 15.

Stops, the divisions on the finger-board of a lute; III. ii. 59.

Strain, family, lineage; II. i. 384.

Strain; "strain for strain," *i.e.* feeling for feeling; V. i. 12.

Style (used with a quibble on "stile"); V. ii. 6.

Success, the issue; IV. i. 235.

Sufferance, suffering; V. i. 38.
Suffigance, blunder for "sufficient"; III. v. 55.
Sun-burnt, homely, ill-favoured; II. i. 322.
Sure, faithful; I. iii. 69.
Suspect, misapplied for "respect"; IV. ii. 73, 74.
Suspicion (*i.e.* suspicion of having horns under it); I. i. 199.
Swift, ready; III. i. 89.

Taken up, used quibblingly for (1) arrested, and (2) obtained on credit; III. iii. 184.
Tale; "both in a tale," *i.e.* "they both say the same"; IV. ii. 30.
Tax, to censure; I. i. 44.
Teach, to be taught; I. i. 291.
Temper, compound, mix; II. ii. 21.
Temporize, make terms; I. i. 274.
Terminations, terms; II. i. 250.
Thick-pleached, thickly interwoven; I. ii. 9.
Tickling (trisyllabic); III. i. 80.
Tire, head-dress; III. iv. 12.
To, with; II. i. 237.
Tongues; "he hath the t.," *i.e.* "he knows foreign languages"; V. i. 166.
To-night, last night; III. v. 33.
Tooth-picker = tooth-pick; II. i. 268.
Top; "by the top" = by the forelock; I. ii. 14.
Trace, walk; III. i. 16.
Trans-shape, caricature; V. i. 171.
Trial; "to trial of a man," *i.e.* "to combat, man to man"; V. i. 66.
Trow = trow ye, *i.e.* think ye? III. iv. 56.
Truth, genuine proof; II. ii. 48.
Tuition, guardianship; I. i. 281.
Turned Turk = completely changed for the worse; III. iv. 54.
Tyrant, pitiless censor; I. i. 168.

Unconfirmed, inexperienced; III. iii. 119.
Underborne, trimmed, faced; III. iv. 20.
Undergoes, is subject to; V. ii. 57.
Unhappiness, wanton or mischievous tricks; II. i. 351.
Untowardly, unluckily; III. ii. 130.
Up and down, exactly; II. i. 118.
Upon, in consequence of; IV. i. 224.
Use, usury, interest; II. i. 281.
Used; "hath u.," *i.e.* has made a practice of; used equivocally; V. i. 316.
Usurer's chain, an allusion to the gold chains worn by the more wealthy merchants, many of whom were bankers; II. i. 190.

Vagrom, Dogberry's blunder for vagrant; III. iii. 26.

Venice, the city of pleasure-seekers, frequently alluded to as such by Elizabethan writers; I. i. 272.

Weak, foolish; III. i. 54.
Weeds, garments, dress; V. iii. 30.
Windy; "on the w. side of care," *i.e.* "to windward of care" (the metaphor being from two sailing boats racing); II. i. 318.
Wish, desire; III. i. 42.
Wit, wisdom; II. iii. 187.
With = by; II. i. 61; V. iv. 126.
Wits; "five wits," *i.e.* "the five intellectual powers—common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory"; I. i. 64.
Woe, woful tribute; V. iii. 33.
Woo, press; II. iii. 50.
Woodcock, fool; V. i. 157.
Woollen, blankets; II. i. 31.
Wring, writhe; V. i. 28.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 216. The English story of 'Mr. Fox' alluded to here was first written down by Blakeway, who contributed to Malone's Variorum Edition a version of the tale he had heard from an old aunt (*cp.* Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales*).

II. i. 80. *'sink a-pace,'* etc.; Camb. Ed. following Q. *'sink into his grave'*; Folio 1, Folio 2, *'sinkes'*; Capell, *'sink-a-pace'*; so MS. corrector of Collier's Folio.

II. i. 215. *'as melancholy as a lodge in a warren'*; the phrase suggests "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers," Isaiah i. 8.

II. i. 246. *'impossible,'* Theobald, *'impassable.'*

II. ii. 44. Some editors substitute 'Borachio' for 'Claudio' in order to relieve the difficulty here, but, as the Cambridge editors point out, "Hero's supposed offence would not be enhanced by calling one lover by the name of the other. . . . Perhaps the author meant that Borachio should persuade her to play, as children say, at being Hero and Claudio."

II. iii. 38. The Folio reads:—*'Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson'*: the latter was probably the singer who took the part of Balthasar.

III. ii. 27. *'Where is but a humour or a worm'*; toothache was popularly supposed to be caused by a worm at the root of the tooth.

III. iii. It is an interesting fact that 'Dogberry,' the vulgar name of the *dogwood,* was used as a surname as far back as the time of Richard II., and that 'Verges,' a provincial corruption for *verjuice,* occurs in an ancient MS. (MS. Ashmol. 38) as the name of a usurer, whose epitaph is given:—

> "Here lies father Varges
> Who died to save charges."

III. iii. 89. *'Keep your fellows' counsels and your own.'* It has been pointed out by students of Shakespeare's legal acquirements

that these words still form part of the oath administered by judges' marshal to the grand jurymen at the present day.

III. v. 18. *'Comparisons are odorous.'* An elaborate extension of this joke occurs in the old play of *Sir Gyles Goosecappe* (c. 1603).

III. v. 37. *'When the age is in, the wit is out'*; a blunder for the old proverbial expression, 'when the ale is in, wit is out'—

> "When ale is in, wit is out,
> When ale is out, wit is in,
> The first thou showest out of doubt,
> The last in thee hath not been."
> HEYWOOD'S *Epigrams and Proverbs.*

IV. ii. Nearly all the speeches of Dogberry throughout the Scene are given to the famous comedian 'Kemp,' those of Verges to 'Cowley.' William Kemp and Richard Cowley are among the 'principall actors' enumerated in the First Folio. The retention of the names of the actors "supplies a measure of the editorial care to which the several Folios were submitted." Dogberry's speech is assigned to *'Andrew,'* probably a familiar appellation of Kemp, who, according to the Cambridge Edition, often played the part of 'Merry Andrew.'

IV. ii. 5. *'we have the exhibition to examine.'* Verges' blunder is not quite clear: possibly 'exhibition' is used in the sense of 'allowance' or 'permission,' otherwise he perhaps means 'examination to exhibit.'



From a MS. Pontificale ad usum Ecclesiæ Romanæ et Anglicanæ. XIVth Cent.

V. i. 16. *'Bid sorrow wag, cry "hem"!* The Quarto and the first and second Folios read, *'And sorrow wagge, crie hem'*; Folio 3. *'And hallow, wag, cry hem'*; Folio 4. *'And hollow wag, cry hem.'* Many emendations have been suggested. Capell's *'bid sorrow wag,'* is now generally adopted. Johnson proposed *'Cry, sorrow wag! and hem.'* ('Sorrow wag,' like 'care away,' was probably a proverbial phrase.) One other suggestion is perhaps noteworthy:—*'And, sorry wag, cry "hem."'*

V. i. 315. *'key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it.'*

V. i. 318. *Lend, for God's sake.*

V. iii. 21. *'Heavily, heavily'*; so reads the Quarto; the Folios, *'Heavenly, heavenly,'* adopted by many editors. The same error, however, of *'heavenly'* for *'heavily'* occurs in the Folio reading of *Hamlet,* II. ii. 309.

"The slayers of the virgin knight are performing a solemn requiem on the body of Hero, and they invoke Midnight and the shades of the dead to assist, until *her* death be *uttered,* that is, proclaimed, published, sorrowfully, sorrowfully" (Halliwell).

V. iv. 123. *'there is no staff more revered than one tipped with horn'*; *i.e.* having a tip of horn, a horn handle; there is, of course, a quibbling allusion in the words to the favourite Elizabethan joke.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

23. *a badge of bitterness*:—In Chapman's version of the 10th Odyssey, a somewhat similar expression occurs: "Our eyes wore the same wet badge of weak humanity." This is an idea which Shakespeare apparently delighted to introduce. It occurs again in *Macbeth*, I. iv.: "My plenteous joys, wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves in drops of sorrow."

54, 55. *stuffed with all honourable virtues*:—Mede in his *Discourses on Scripture*, speaking of Adam, says, "He whom God had *stuffed* with so many excellent qualities." Beatrice starts an idea at the words *stuffed man*, and prudently checks herself in the pursuit of it. A stuffed man appears to have been one of the many cant phrases for a cuckold.

184, 185. *to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder*, etc.:—Do you scoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder; and that Vulcan, a blacksmith is a good carpenter?

216-218. *Like the old tale*, etc.:—In illustration of this passage, Mr. Blakeway has given his recollections of an old tale, which he thinks may be the one alluded to, very like some that we in our childhood have often lain awake to hear and been kept awake with thinking of after the hearing: "Once upon a time there lived a Mr. Fox, a bachelor, who made it his business to decoy or force young women to his house, that he might have their skeletons to adorn his chambers with. Near

by dwelt a family, the lady Mary and her two brothers, whom Mr. Fox often visited, they, especially the lady, being much pleased with his company. One day, the lady, being left alone and having nothing else to do, thought to amuse herself by calling upon Mr. Fox, as he had often invited her to do. Knocking some time, but finding no one at home, she at length opened and went in. Over the portal was written, *Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.* Going forward, she saw the same over the stairway, and again over the door of the chamber at the head of the stairs. Opening this door, she saw at once what sort of work was carried on there. Retreating hastily, she saw out of the window Mr. Fox coming, holding a sword in one hand, and with the other dragging a young lady by the hair. She had just time to hide herself under the stairs before he entered. As he was going up stairs the young lady caught hold of the banister with her hand, whereon was a rich bracelet; he then cut off her hand, and it fell, bracelet and all, into Mary's lap. She took it, and, as soon as she could, hastened home. A few days after, Mr. Fox came to dine with her and her brothers. As they were entertaining each other with stories, she said she would tell them a strange dream she had lately had. She said, I dreamed, Mr. Fox, that as you had often invited me to your house, I went there one morning. When I came, I knocked, but no one answered; when I opened the door, over the hall was written, *Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.* But, said she, turning to Mr. Fox and smiling, *It is not so, nor it was not so.* Then she went on with the story, repeating this at every turn, till she came to the room full of dead bodies, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, saying, *It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so*; which he kept repeating at every turn of the dreadful story, till she came to his cutting off the lady's hand; then, upon his saying the same words, she replied, *But it is so, and it was so, and here the hand I have to show,* at the same time producing the hand and bracelet from her lap; whereupon the guests drew their swords, and cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces."

236, 237. *but in the force of his will*:—Alluding to the definition of a heretic in the schools.

257. *hang me in a bottle like a cat*:—It seems to have been one of the inhuman sports of the time to enclose a cat in a wooden tub or bottle suspended aloft to be shot at.

261. This line is from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy,* 1599.

317. *The fairest grant is the neccssity*:—Hayley, with great

acuteness, proposed to read, "The fairest grant is *to* necessity"; i.e., *necessitas quod cogit defendit*. The meaning may, however, be, "The fairest or most equitable concession is that which is needful only."

Scene III.

12, 13. *I cannot hide what I am*:—This is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure and too sullen to receive it, often endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty or the dignity of haughty independence.

18. *claw no man in his humour*:—So in Howell's *Letters*: "Here it is not the style to *claw* and compliment with the King." *Claw-back* occurs in the same sense both as a noun and a verb. Thus Camden says of Queen Elizabeth: "When she often used the saying, That most men neglected the setting sun, these *claw-backs* ceased not to beat into her ears—Who will neglect the wholesome beams of the clear sunshine, to behold the pitiful sparkling of the smaller stars?"

40. That is, "for I make nothing else my counsellor."

59. *smoking a musty room*:—The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors rendered such precautions too often necessary. In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "The smoke of juniper is in great request with us at Oxford to *sweeten* our chambers."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

94, 95. *God defend the lute*, etc.:—That is, God forbid that your face should be like your mask.

130. *'Hundred Merry Tales'*:—This was the term for a *jest-book* in Shakespeare's time, from a popular collection of that name, about which the commentators were much puzzled, until a large fragment was discovered in 1815, by the Rev. J. Conybeare, Professor of Poetry in Oxford. It was printed by Rastell, and therefore must have been published previous to 1533. Another collection of the same kind, called *Tales and Quicke Answeres*, printed by Berthelette, and of nearly equal antiquity, was

also reprinted at the same time; and it is remarkable that this collection is cited by Sir John Harrington under the title of *The Hundred Merry Tales.* It continued for a long period to be the popular name for collections of this sort.

209, 210. *puts the world,* etc.:—That is, who takes upon herself to personate the world, and so fancies that the world thinks just as she does. In nearly all modern editions, *the base, though bitter, disposition* (lines 208, 209) is changed to *the base, the bitter disposition*; probably because the editors could not discover the relation between *base* and *bitter,* nor divine that *though* here means *since* or *because,* as often in Shakespeare.

215, 216. *a lodge in a warren*:—A similar image of loneliness occurs in *Measure for Measure*: "At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana."

257, 258. *Ate in good apparel*:—Upon this passage Warburton remarks, and Collier endorses him, that "the ancient poets and painters represent the *Furies in rags.*" Ate, however, was not a Fury, but the daughter of Jupiter, and goddess of mischief and discord.

269, 270. *bring you,* etc.:—How difficult this had been, may be guessed from Butler's account of that distinguished John:—

> "While like the mighty Prester John,
> Whose person none dares look upon,
> But is preserv'd in close disguise
> From being made cheap to vulgar eyes."

Scene II.

44. *term me Claudio*:—So in all the old copies. Theobald thought it should read *Borachio* instead of Claudio; whereas the expression, *term me,* infers that a false name is to be agreed upon between the speaker and Margaret. Both Claudio and the Prince might well be persuaded that Hero received a clandestine lover, whom she *called* Claudio, in order to deceive her attendants, should any be within hearing; and this they would of course deem an aggravation of her offence. It is hardly worth the while to add, that *they* would be in no danger of supposing the man, whom Margaret *termed* Claudio, to be Claudio in fact.

Scene III.

[*Enter Benedick.*] In the original, both Quarto and Folio, the stage direction here is, "Enter Benedick alone"; in all modern editions till Collier's it is, "Enter Benedick and a Boy." The original is probably right, the design being that Benedick shall be seen pacing to and fro, ruminating and digesting the matter of his forthcoming soliloquy. In this state his mind gets so deep in philosophy that he wants a book to feed the appetite which passing events have awakened. Of course the boy comes when called for.

18, 19. *carving . . . doublet*:—This folly is the theme of all comic satire. In Barnabe Riche's *Faults and Nothing but Faults*, 1606, "the fashionmonger that spends his time in the contemplation of suites" is said to have "a sad and heavy countenance," because his tailor "hath cut his new sute after the olde stampe of some stale fashion that is at the least of a whole fortnight's standing."

36, 37. *her hair*, etc.:—Disguises of false hair and of dyed hair were quite common, especially among the ladies, in Shakespeare's time; scarce any of them being so richly dowered with other gifts as to be content with the hair which it had pleased Nature to bestow. The Poet has several passages going to show that this custom was not much in favour with him; as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii., where Biron "mourns that painting and usurping hair should ravish doters with a false aspect." That in this as in other things Shakespeare's mind went with Nature, further appears from his making so sensible a fellow as Benedick talk that way.

60-62. A similar tribute to the power of music occurs in *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 59, 60, where it is spoken of as able to "draw three souls out of one weaver."

95. *stalk on*:—An allusion to the *stalking-horse*, whereby the fowler anciently screened himself from the sight of the game. It is thus described in John Gee's *New Shreds of the Old Snare*: "Methinks I behold the cunning fowler, such as I have known in the fen-countries and elsewhere, that do shoot at woodcocks, snipes, and wild fowl, by sneaking behind a painted cloth which they carry before them, having pictured on it the shape of a horse; which while the silly fowl gazeth on, it is knocked down with hail-shot, and so put into the fowler's budget."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

61. *spell him backward*:—That is, *misinterpret* him. An allusion to the practice of witches in uttering prayers. In like sort, we often say of a man who refuses to take things in their plain natural meaning, as if he were on the lookout for some cheat, "He reads everything backwards."

76. *press me to death*:—The allusion is to an ancient punishment inflicted on those who refused to plead to an indictment. If they continued silent, they were pressed to death by heavy weights laid on the stomach.

107. *What fire is in mine ears?*—Alluding to the proverbial saying, which is as old as Pliny's time, "That when our *ears do glow and tingle,* some there be that in our absence do talke of us."

113. *Taming*, etc.:—This image is taken from falconry. She has been charged with being as wild as *haggards of the rock*; she therefore says that, wild as her heart is, she will *tame* it *to the hand.*

Scene II.

11. *hangman*:—That is, executioner, slayer of hearts.

21. *the toothache*:—So in *The False One,* by Fletcher:—

> "O, this sounds mangily,
> Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth!
> You had best be troubled with the *tooth-ache* too,
> *For lovers ever are.*"

24, 25. *hang it first, and draw it afterwards*:—Apparently a quibbling allusion to the old custom of "hanging, drawing, and quartering."

34, 35. *two countries at once*:—So in *The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London,* by Dekker, 1606: "For an Englishman's sute is like a traitor's body that hath beene hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set up in several places: his codpiece, in Denmarke; the collar of his dublet and the belly, in France; the wing and narrow sleeve, in Italy; the short waste hangs over a botcher's stall in Utrich; his huge sloppes speak Spanish; Polonia gives him the bootes," etc.

58. *a lute-string*:—*Love-songs,* in Shakespeare's time, were sung to the lute. So in 1 *Henry IV.,* I. ii. 81: "*A lover's lute.*"

67. *buried with her face upwards*:—That is, in her lover's arms. So in *The Winter's Tale,* IV. iv. 129-132:—

> *Flo.* What, like a corse?
> *Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
> Not like a corse; or if, not to be *buried*
> But quick and in mine arms.

Scene III.

[*Dogberry and Verges*] The first of these worthies is named from the *dogberry,* a shrub that grows in every county in England. *Verges* is the provincial pronunciation of *verjuice.*

7. *give them their charge*:—To *charge* his fellows seems to have been a regular part of the duty of the constable of the watch. So in *A New Trick to Cheat the Devil,* 1639: "My watch is set—*charge given*—and all at peace."

176. *a' wears a lock*:—A lock of hair, called "a love-lock," was often worn by the gay young gallants of Shakespeare's time. This ornament and invitation to love was cherished with great care by the owners, being brought before and tied with a riband. Prynne, the great Puritan hero, spit some of his bile against this fashion, in a book on *The Unloveliness of Love-locks.*

183, 184. *We are like to prove,* etc.:—We have the same conceit in 2 *Henry VI.,* IV. vii. 129, 130: "My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and *take up commodities* upon our *bills*?"

Scene IV.

19. *down sleeves*:—That is, with pearls set along down the sleeves. *Side sleeves* are long, full sleeves. *Side* is from the Anglo-Saxon *sid,* long, ample. Peele, in his *Old Wives' Tale,* has "*side* slops," for long trousers. So likewise, in Jonson's play, *The New Inn,* V. i.:—

> "He belly'd for it, had his velvet sleeves,
> And his branch'd cassock, a *side* sweeping gown,
> All his formalities, a good cramm'd divine."

Our word *side,* in its ordinary use, has reference to the *length* of the thing to which it is applied.

53. *For the letter*, etc.:—*For* here means *because of*. Heywood has an epigram which elucidates the identity in pronunciation between the word *ache* and the letter *H*:—

> "H is worst among letters in the cross-row,
> For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
> In thine arm or leg, in any degree;
> In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee;
> Into what place soever H may pike him,
> Wherever thou find him *ache* thou shalt not like him."

70, 71. *Carduus Benedictus*:—The following is from Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1595: "This herb, for the singular virtue it hath, is worthily named *Benedictus*, or *Omnimorbia*, that is, a salve for every sore, not known to the physicians of old time, but lately revealed by the special providence of Almighty God."

Scene V.

1 *et seq. What would you*, etc.:—"Under ordinary conditions," says Herford, "the discovery must follow at once, Hero would be vindicated before the marriage, and the whole scheme of the drama would dissolve. It was necessary that the discovery should be foreseen when that otherwise too harrowing scene takes place, but that it should not be actually made. This double result is secured by the admirable creations of Dogberry and Verges. Even Coleridge could regard them as somewhat irrelevant figures 'forced into the service' of the plot, 'when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action.' But the gist of the invention lies just in their being 'ingeniously absurd' in the particular way in which they are. Nothing but their delicious irrelevance prevents the truth from reaching Leonato in time; but—'neighbours, you are tedious,' and he hands over the 'two aspicious persons' who hold his daughter's fate in their hands to the constable's leisurely 'excommunication.' The very figure of Dogberry is reassuring; evil cannot be rampant in a city which he and his 'most quiet watchmen' sufficiently protect, nor the story finally disastrous to which he contributes a link. It is a part of the irony, grave but not yet bitter, which underlies the play, that in this community of brilliantly accomplished men and women, it is not by dint of wit but through the blind channels of accident and unreason that the discovery makes its way.

'What your wisdoms,' as Borachio says, 'could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light.'"

21. *the poor duke's officers*:—This stroke of pleasantry, arising from the transposition of the epithet *poor*, occurs in *Measure for Measure*. Elbow says, "If it please your honour, I am the *poor Duke's* constable."

38. *a world to see*:—This was a common apostrophe of admiration, equivalent to *it is wonderful*, or *it is admirable*. Baret in his *Alvearie*, 1580, explains "*It is a world to heare*" by "It is a thing worthie the hearing, *audire est operæ pretium*." In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* we have "Is it not *a world* to consider?"

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

11-13. *If either of you know*, etc.:—This is borrowed from the marriage ceremony, which (with a few changes in phraseology) is the same as was used in Shakespeare's time.

21, 22. *some be of laughing*, etc.:—Benedick is in a grammatical state of mind, and here quotes from his accidence.

68. *True! O God!*—Hero's words are in reply to the speech of Don John.

74. *kindly*:—*Kind* is often used in Shakespeare for *nature*, *kindly* for *natural*. So in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, i. 66: "This do, and do it *kindly*, gentle sirs." So likewise in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*:—

> "The earth shall sooner leave her *kindly* skill
> To bring forth fruit, and make eternall dearth,
> Than I leave you, my life, yborne of heavenly birth."

123. *The story*, etc.:—That is, the story which her *blushes* discovered to be true.

250, 251. Of this passage Johnson says: "This is one of Shakespeare's subtle observations upon life. Men, overpowered with distress, eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him."

293. *I am gone, though I am here*:—That is, though my person stay with you, my heart is gone from you.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

1 *et seq.* "I step aside for a moment," says Lloyd, "to remark the comic value of the character of Antonio, so often doomed to be neglected and left out. Leonato, at the commencement of the fifth Act, is immersed in grief for the disgrace of his child, but the spectator already knows that this grief will speedily be allayed by the publication of her innocence, and the additional knowledge that he is bound to exaggerate consciously the expression of his grief by the pretence of her death, still farther checks the spontaneousness of our compassion. Sympathy is balked and puzzled, and would rebel in affront, but that the Poet furnishes a fair excuse for the laugh which incongruity invites, by the grotesque comicality of the indignation of Antonio. With like humanity, in the scene where the sleeping Juliet is mourned by her parents as dead, a vent for our importunate sense of absurdity is supplied in the ludicrously exaggerated wailings of the nurse. In the present instance there is great comic truth in the interchange of position by the brothers in the course of the Scene. At the commencement Antonio ministers as best he may in the character of moralist and philosopher to the excitement of his brother, and at the conclusion it is he himself who has to be held back and soothed by Leonato, in a violent outburst of passionate abuse."

18. *candle-wasters*:—The following passage occurs in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels,* III. ii.: "Heart, was there ever so prosperous an invention thus unluckily perverted and spoiled by a whoreson *book-worm, a candle-waster*?" Leonato's whole speech is aimed at those comforters who moralize by the book against our natural emotions; who would have us drown our troubles in a cup of bookish philosophy.

102. *wake your patience*:—That is, rouse, stir up, convert your patience into anger, by remaining longer in your presence.

128, 129. *bid thee draw,* etc.:—"I will bid thee draw thy sword, as we bid the minstrels draw the bows of their fiddles, merely to please us."

139. *broke cross*:—It was held very disgraceful for a tilter to have his spear broken across the body of his adversary, instead of by a push of the point. Thus, in *As You Like It,* III. iv. 42-44: "As a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose."

142. *to turn his girdle*:—Thus Sir Ralph Winwood in a letter to Cecil: "I said, what I spake was not to make him angry. He replied, If I were angry, I might turn the buckle of my girdle behind me." The phrase came from the practice of wrestlers, and is thus explained by Holt White: "Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind was therefore a challenge."

157. A *woodcock* was a common term for a foolish fellow; that savoury bird being supposed to have no brains. Claudio alludes to the stratagem whereby Benedick has been made to fall in love. Thus Sir William Cecil, in a letter to Secretary Maitland, referring to an attempted escape of some French hostages: "I went to lay some lime-twigs for certain *woodcocks*, which I have taken." The proverbial simplicity of the woodcock is often celebrated by Shakespeare.

228, 229. *one meaning well suited*:—That is, *one meaning put into many different dresses*; the prince having asked the same question in four modes of speech.

290. It was the custom to attach, upon or near the tombs of celebrated persons, a written inscription, either in prose or verse, generally in praise of the deceased.

296. *she alone is heir to both of us*:—It would seem that Antonio's son, mentioned in I. ii., must have died since the play began.

Scene II.

77. *the time of good neighbours*:—That is, when men were not envious, but every one gave another his due.

Scene III.

3. *Done to death*:—This phrase occurs frequently in writers of Shakespeare's time: it appears to be derived from the French phrase, *faire mourir*.

13. *thy virgin knight*:—*Knight* was a common poetical appellation of virgins in Shakespeare's time; probably in allusion to their being the votarists of Diana, whose chosen pastime was in knightly sports. So in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, V. i.:—

> "O, sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
> Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,

Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy *female knights*
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe."

Scene IV.

43. *the savage bull*:—Still alluding to the passage quoted from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy,* in the first Scene of the play.

123, 124. *no staff more reverend,* etc.:—This passage refers to the staves or walking-sticks used by elderly persons, which were often *tipped with horn.* Chaucer's *Sompnour* describes one of his friars as having a "scrippe and *tipped staff*"; and he adds that "His felaw had *a staf tipped with horn.*"

Questions on

Much Ado About Nothing.

1. Mention some facts that help to establish the date of the play. From what Italian sources may some of the incidents have been derived?

ACT FIRST.

2. How is it shown in the first Scene that the play will deal with love as a warfare?

3. What unconscious confession does Beatrice make in her inquiries of the messenger concerning Benedick?

4. Was Benedick loved by women? How does one find it out?

5. How is his speech on the subject answered by Beatrice?

6. What may be assumed as the previous relations of Benedick and Beatrice accounting for their attitudes in the opening Scene?

7. Describe the way Claudio introduces the subject of his love for Hero to Benedick and to Don Pedro.

8. What arrangement is made between Don Pedro and Claudio to further the latter's suit?

9. Concerning Hero's love affair, what blunder is made by Antonio, and how does he support his case?

10. Don John gives what account of himself in the third Scene? Why is his character so definitely drawn thus early in the play?

11. What third version of the Hero intrigue do we gain from Borachio?

12. What lines of action are laid down in the first Act that prove the title of *Much Ado*?

ACT SECOND.

13. What is the dramatic purpose of the dialogue preceding the entrance of the revelers?

14. Show how it is made apparent that Hero is one ruled by her father. Compare her with Ophelia.

15. What is the character of the scene that follows the dialogue?

16. Indicate the import of the conversation between Hero and Don Pedro; between Ursula and Antonio.

17. What impression of Margaret is derived from her interview with Balthasar?

18. Did Beatrice recognize her *vis-à-vis* in the masked scene?

19. Explain the triple misconstruction in the scene between Don John and Claudio.

20. What important point in the plot is marked by the soliloquy of Claudio?

21. Comment on the spirit of Benedick's reply to Claudio, Sc. i. 195.

22. Your estimate of Claudio as he has so far revealed himself.

23. State the various misunderstandings of the love affair of Claudio and Hero. What single character is following the thread of it with a clear apprehension of the real facts?

24. Cite from *Hamlet* an expression similar to Benedick's (line 251) *she would infect to the north star.*

25. Explain the dramatic significance of the moment when Beatrice says (line 308) *Speak, count, 'tis your cue.*

26. Where in the play do the words of Beatrice to Hero (line 313) rebound upon herself?

27. Characterize the traits of Beatrice, displayed in the closing parts of the first Scene.

28. What scheme is proposed and agreed to at the close of this Scene?

29. Detail the plot laid to put a blight upon Hero. Who devised it?

30. Compare the intellectual qualities of Don John and of Iago.

31. Explain the change of attitude of Benedick as shown in the two soliloquies in Sc. iii. How does the device by which Benedick comes to a knowledge of Beatrice's regard for him ally itself with other devices of the rising action? Who is the author of this stratagem?

32. At the close of the Scene, how do Beatrice and Benedick exemplify the characters that have been attributed to them? What saves Benedick from a fatuousness similar to that of Malvolio?

ACT THIRD.

33. Compare the stratagem as wrought by the men on Benedick with that worked by Hero and Ursula on Beatrice. What traits natural to each sex are displayed? What touch of irony in Hero's words?

34. Compare Beatrice's soliloquy after the practised stratagem with Benedick's. Indicate the comic element of the situation. What indications have we that the stratagem, as concerns Benedick, has been effectual?

35. What temper of mind do you find in Claudio upon the eve of the revelations concerning Hero?

36. Contrast the manner of Claudio and of Don Pedro upon hearing the revelations of Don John.

37. What is the humorous effect of Sc. iii? Indicate its dramatic purpose.

38. Mention some traits possessed in common by Dogberry and Shallow (*Merry Wives*).

39. What part in the action do the watchmen play?

40. On what ground were Borachio and Conrade apprehended? What is there essentially comic in this Scene?

41. Account for the mood of Beatrice in Sc. iv. How does Margaret's wit compare with that of Beatrice?

42. On what purpose bent did Dogberry and Verges (Sc. v.) visit the house of Leonato?

43. How does Sc. v. suggest a way by which the tragic consequences of the fourth Act might have been averted?

44. Yet is not the development of the plot at this point absolutely convincing? Is there an effect here of a postponed climax?

ACT FOURTH.

45. Comment on the art with which Shakespeare has made the conduct of Claudio at the altar tolerable from an artistic point of view.

46. What earlier situations are only sketched or reported that might have been brought into the action?

47. What causes Hero finally to swoon?

48. Who among the company believe in her innocence?

49. By what art does Shakespeare bring Benedick and Beatrice to the point of mutual avowal of love?

50. Comment on the difference between art and nature, using as a basis the long speech that Leonato delivers over the lifeless body of Hero.

51. What expedient is employed to gain time for proving the innocence of Hero?

52. Compare the Friar of this play with that in *Romeo and Juliet.*

53. What two things demand that the scene of vindication follow closely upon the scene of accusation?

54. State the problem that the resolution of the plot has to deal with.

ACT FIFTH.

55. What impression do the lamentations of Leonato make upon you?

56. Show how the case of Leonato suggests materials of tragic grief, and yet in actuality falls short of displaying it.

57. Describe the quarrel between Leonato and Claudio.

58. What is the bearing of Claudio in the encounter with Benedick?

59. In the banter of Claudio and Don Pedro, what echo is there of an earlier scene? Is this a dramatic expedient?

60. Where else in the last Act do you find use of such an expedient?

61. What art consistent with comedy makes Borachio untie the knot?

62. Define Dogberry's position in relation to the resolution of the plot.

63. Comment on Borachio's justification of Margaret (lines 307-309).

64. Define the episodic purpose of Sc. iii.

65. Outline the last Scene of the play.

66. Do the repentance of Claudio and Don Pedro, and the forgiveness of Leonato satisfactorily account for the change in the natural conclusion of the story?

67. Account for the happy ending.

68. Has Claudio proved worthy of the great gift that is bestowed upon him?

69. Comment upon the structural perfection of this play.

70. What about its adaptability to stage representation?

71. Comment upon its wit. How does it compare, for instance, with that of *Measure for Measure*?

72. What change in the tone of social intercourse do we observe between Shakespeare's era and our own?

73. Wherein resides the great charm of Beatrice? What are her splendid womanly qualities?

74. Critics have disagreed as to the probable happy marriage. What is your prophecy?

75. Do you think highly of Benedick? Had he a chivalrous nature? Had he been penetrating, would he not have seen the real drift of Beatrice's persecutions?

76. To what things was Claudio's nature especially sensitive? What were his limitations?

77. Where does Beatrice point out his gravest misdemeanor?

78. Is there any dramatic purpose in creating Hero as one lacking in positive qualities?

79. Estimate the character of Don Pedro; of Borachio; of Margaret.

80. Show the fitness of the title, *Much Ado About Nothing*.

81. How does the drama differ from the novel in respect to the degree in which mystery may be employed to shroud the true course of events?

82. While dealing with a harrowing episode like the plot against Hero, how does Shakespeare all along convey the feeling that things will come out well?



